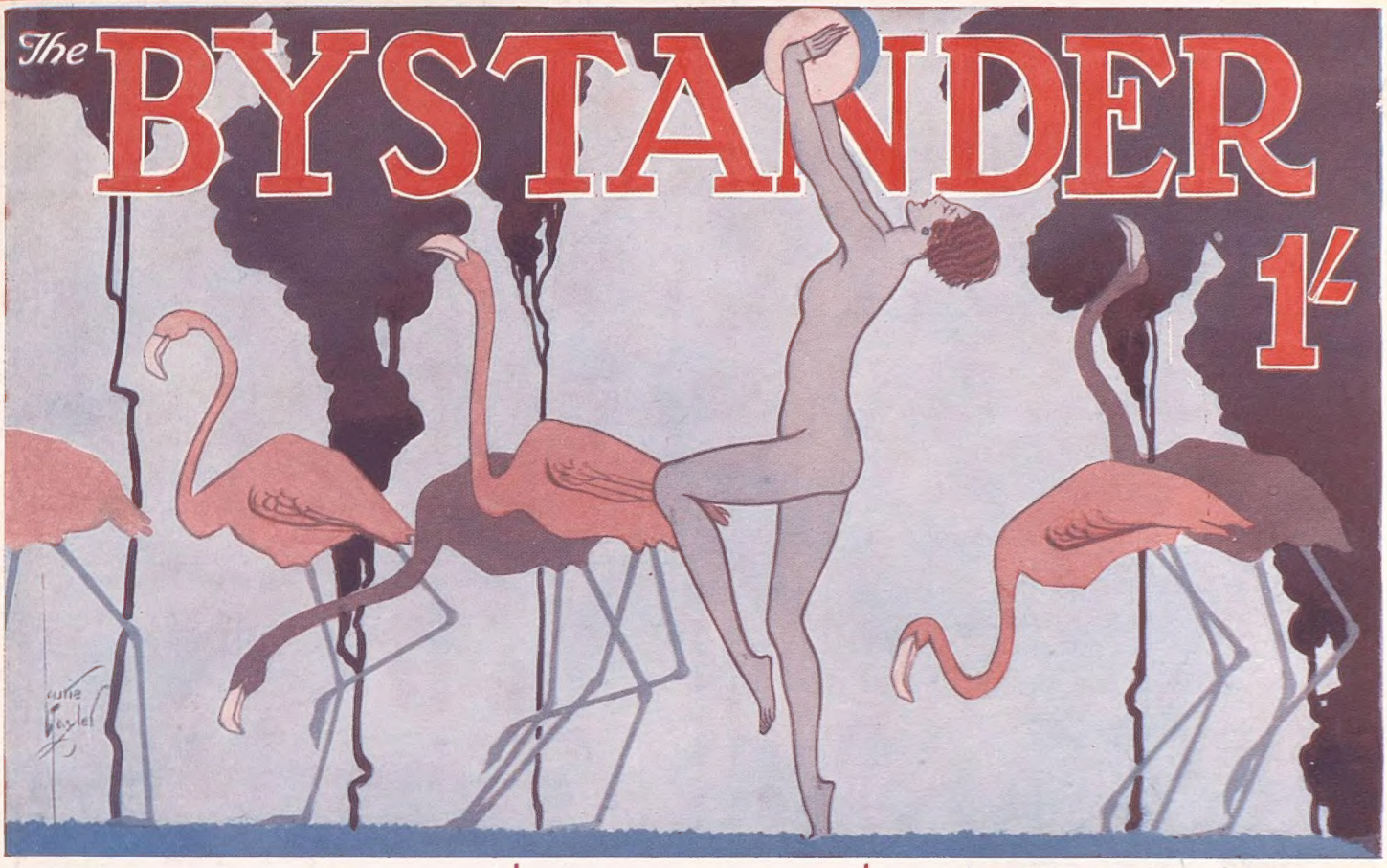
THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CIX —No. 1423
MARCH 25, 1931

COLLINSON OWEN on "The Feminisation of the World"

The BYSTANDER

1/-



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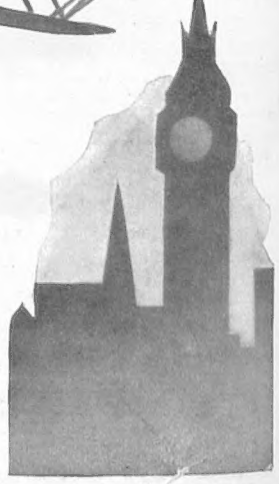

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The Bystander, March 25, 1931

The BYSTANDER

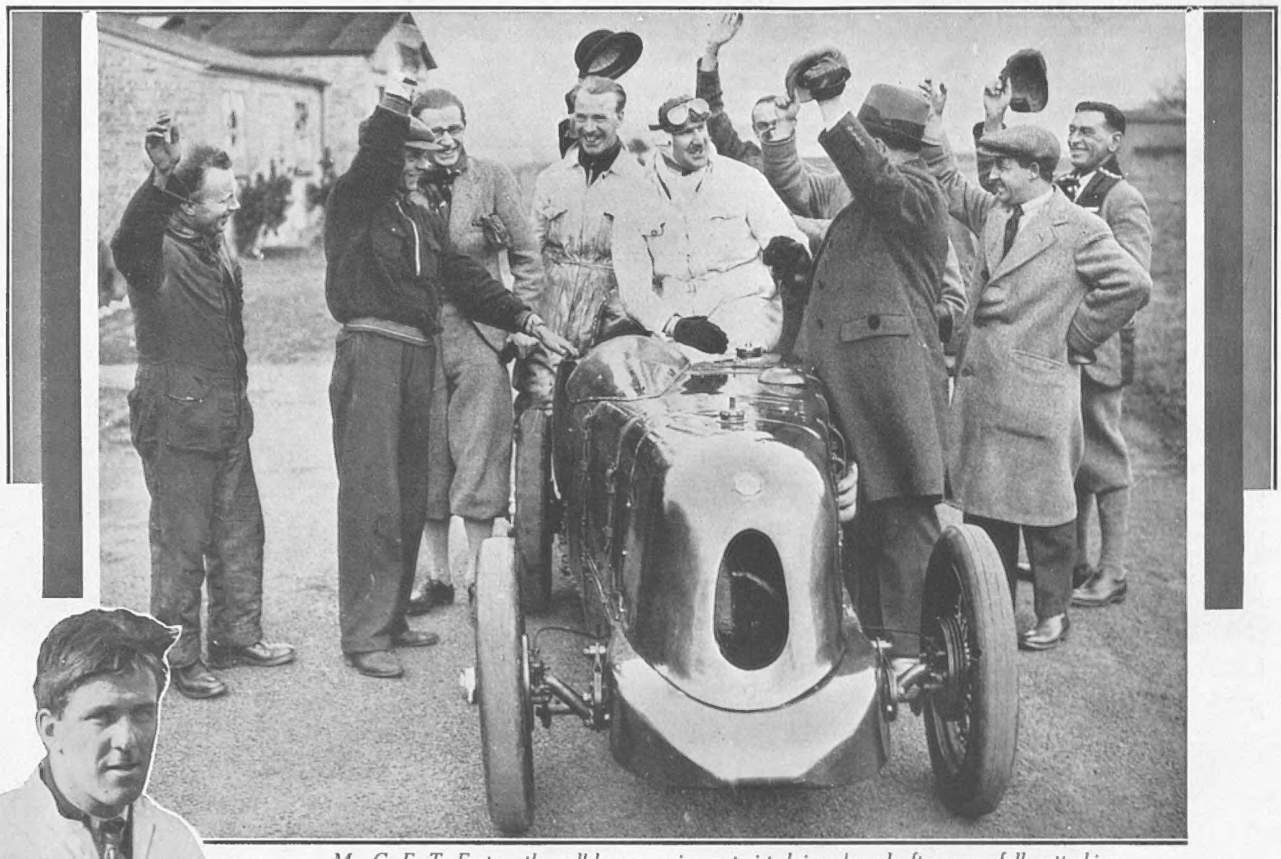
No. 1243. Vol. CIX.

Paul Tanqueray

LADY BROWNLOW

The wife of Lord Brownlow, of Belton House, Grantham, and formerly Miss Kitty Kinloch. They recently sustained a sad loss in the death of their infant son, who was the heir to the Barony

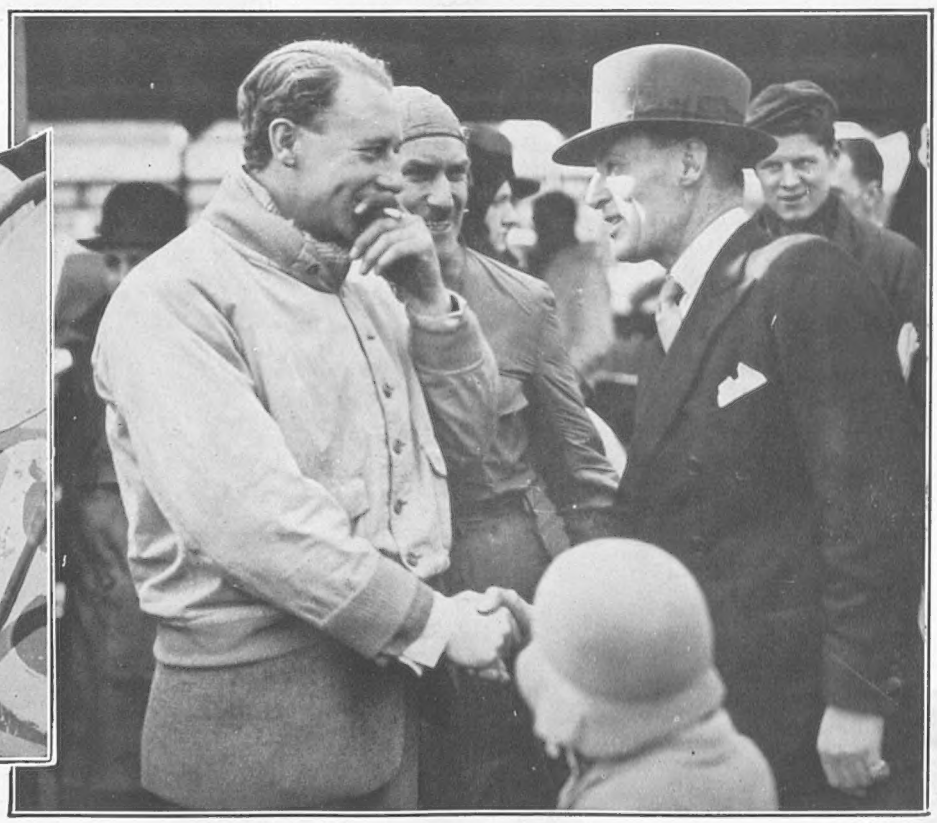
A NEW WORLD'S RECORD at BROOKLANDS



Mr. G. E. T. Eyston, the well-known racing motorist, being cheered after successfully attacking the Flying Mile record for small cars (750 c.c.) which Sir Malcolm Campbell established in an Austin Seven at Daytona. Driving a super-charged M.G. Midget, Mr. Eyston achieved a mean speed of 97.09 m.p.h. over the kilometre, and 96.93 m.p.h. over the mile

Photopress

Mr. T. V. G. Selby, who won the Lincoln Senior Short Handicap at the opening meet of the season at Brooklands. Driving a Bugatti, his speed over the course of about 6½ miles was 94.82 m.p.h.



Topical

Sir Malcolm Campbell congratulating Mr. B. E. Lewis, who won the March Mountain Racing Handicap of about 12 miles, driving a Talbot, which started scratch. The first Brooklands meeting of the year was blessed with excellent weather, and the attendance proved that motor racing is still popular

Dorchester House, Park Lane. An impression of the magnificent new hotel as it will appear when it is opened to the public next month. Costing nearly two million pounds, it will be the last word in comfort and luxury

the passing hour

THE première of Cochran's new revue at the London Pavilion was a sea of white fox and ermine. Out of it rose the features of Lady Scarsdale and Miss Frances Day, while Lord Castlerosse, Lord Lurgan, the Hon. Patrick Balfour, Lord Scarsdale, and others, applauded the return of Clark and McCullough and Ada May. Perhaps everyone was waiting to hear the result of the St. George's by-election. Whatever the reason, the audience did not seem quite so appreciative of the Cochran 1931 vintage as they might have been, until, at the very end, a nameless Scottish girl brought down the house with the most paralysing contortions ever seen on a stage. I gather that Mr. Cochran found her in Glasgow.

BUT the gayest part of Thursday night was the theatrical party on the stage of the Savoy Theatre, where *Wonder Bar* was celebrating its 100th performance. One of the earliest arrivals, though he was also one of the first to leave, was the Bishop of St. Albans. He is Miss Gwen Farrar's guardian, which accounted for his episcopal presence at a theatrical party. Among the other guests were Lady Seafield; the Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley, who brought, besides her husband, a foreign count with an unpronounceable name; the Hon. Mrs. Rowland Leigh, whose son adapted the piece from the German; Mrs. Drury-Lowe and her husband; Lord Donegall; and Mrs. Cecil Pim.

THE West End actually heard the news of the election at about 11.30 p.m. When it was announced at the Café de Paris everyone cheered madly. At the Savoy grill it was received in complete silence. One leading Conservative who was there seemed most disappointed that it was not at least a majority of 8,000. A Guards officer, however, was delighted, for he had won £20 in bets that Duff-Cooper would get in at varying odds.

Topical

An unconventional snapshot of the King of Spain leaving Claridge's, where he has been staying. He is visiting this country to see his mother-in-law, Princess Beatrice

WITH THE PRINCES IN THE ARGENTINE

Yevonde

LADY HELEN PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE

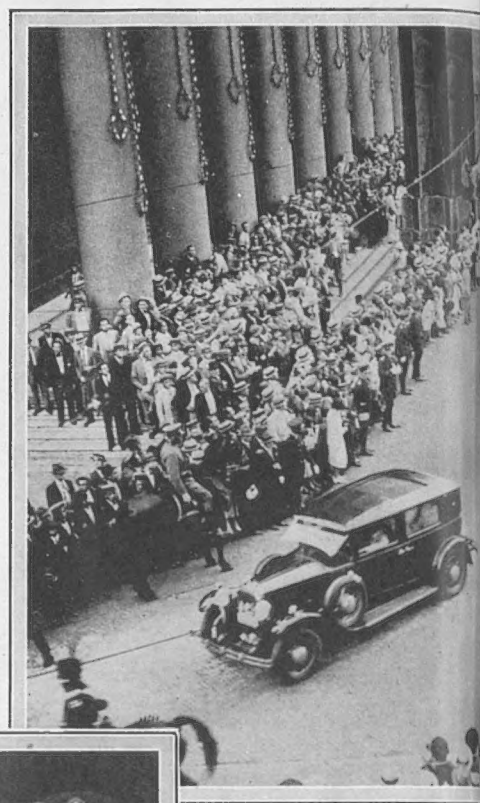
The youngest sister of the Earl of Radnor and the daughter of the Dowager Countess of Radnor, of Homington House, Coombe Bissett, Wilts. Her engagement has been announced to the Hon. David Smith, the younger brother of Viscount Hambleden

YES, last week was a great week while it lasted. Beginning with the Mock Court party in Chelsea, it proceeded steadily, by way of the St. George's by-election, through a round of gaiety up to the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown and the Boat Race. What more could anyone want, especially with the King of Spain and his aide-de-camp, the Duke of Miranda, and his cousin, the Duke of Alba and Berwick, adding a Royal touch to London's smartness?

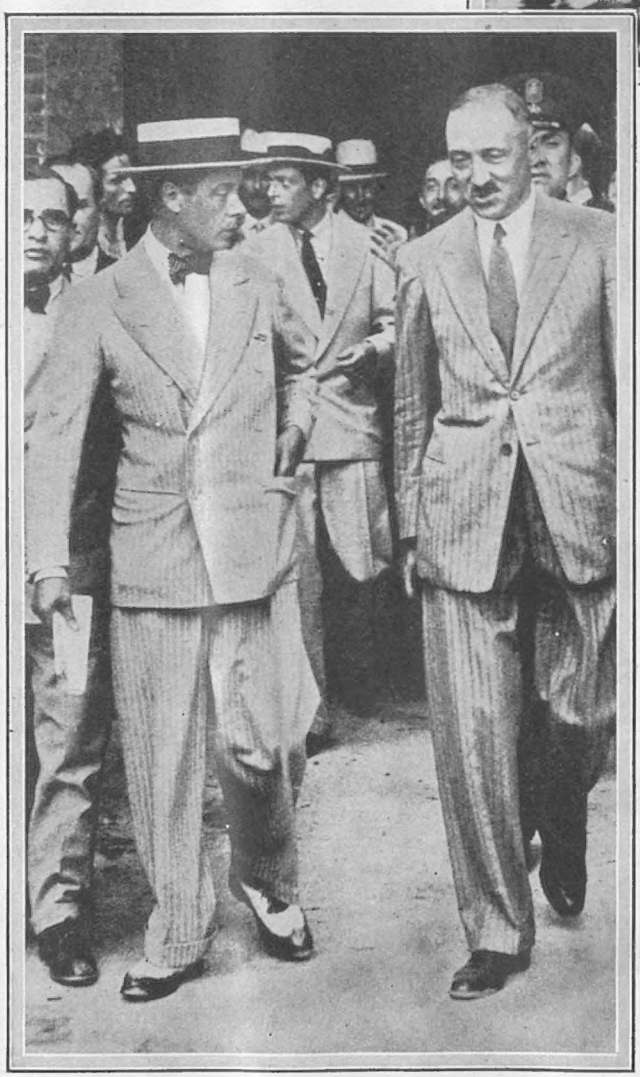
AS to the St. George's affair, it really did not matter very much who was elected. But it was all great fun. You would see Lady Diana Cooper at the Ritz suddenly catching sight of, say, Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale and rushing up to say, "Darling, of course you will canvass for me, won't you?" You would go to cocktail parties and find that half the guests were going off to address Mr. Duff Cooper's meeting, and the remainder to Sir Ernest Petter's, only to meet again afterwards at, say, the Café Anglais, where Douglas Byng has returned with two new songs, "Milly, the Mermaid," and "Tyrolean Tilly."

TALK of by-elections, however, immediately recalls a most interesting disclosure which can be made in connection with the Marylebone Parliamentary candidature, which created such a fuss the other day. It will be recalled that seventeen M.P.s publicly urged Sir Rennell Rodd to withdraw his resignation. He did so, but only at a very great personal sacrifice. For he had been promised a peerage on his retirement, and, naturally, as long as he remains in the House of Commons, he cannot receive the title that his fine work in the Diplomatic Service, particularly at Rome, so richly merited.

ANYONE walking through Hyde Park will get a fine view of the new Dorchester House which the King of Spain inspected last week and promised to patronise on future visits to this country. It will be opened on April 20, and will start right away with a dazzling series of Sunday-night Celebrity Concerts. The first celebrity will be Kreisler, the second Chaliapin, the third Jeritza, and the fourth Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps. It will take a man like Cigolini to keep the Mayfair as popular as before in the face of such attractions.



The Prince of Wales and Pr... Buenos Aires after their arriva... British Trade Exhibition. T... which thi...

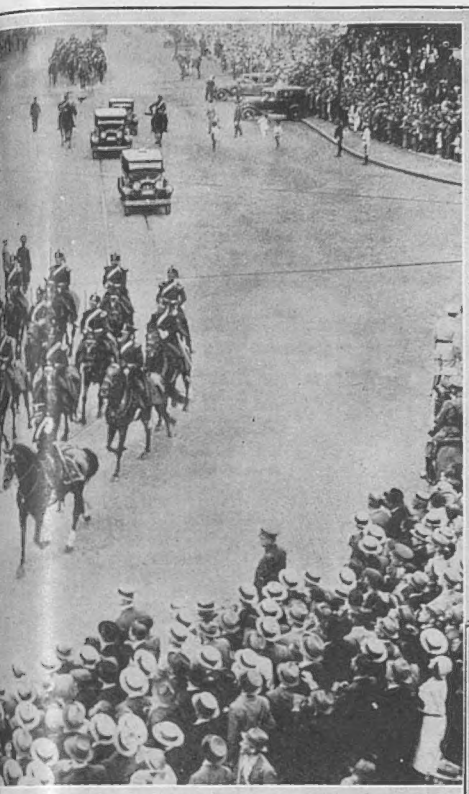


Central Press

The Prince of Wales with Mr. Bellasi, the Manager of the British Trade Exhibition, paying an informal visit to the grounds before the opening. Prince George is seen in the background

THE most interesting supper-time news is that Ciro's has dispensed with the services of its £1,000 a month band. Mr. Ronnie Hart and his crack Canadian orchestra have only themselves to blame for not being a success. They played admirably, but with the wrong tempo. Of course, another band has been installed. This is Tom Kinsman's, an English orchestra which plays more to the taste of guests, and, in addition, the management,

PLAYTIME IN THE WEST END



Keystone

...orge driving through the crowded streets of ...e capital of the Argentine Republic to open the ...ere accorded a great reception by the crowds, ...ed the fine streets of the city

by persuading Jean Barry and Dave Fitzgibbon to reappear, hope to put matters straight again, particularly as the Five Plantation Singers, who have been having a huge success in Monte Carlo, will also take part in the Cabaret.

To revert to Dorchester House for a moment, Sir Francis Towle was saying the other day that he proposes to try the American plan of building the dance orchestra round a singer. With this in mind, Mr. Melville Gideon has been chosen as the pivot of the band, and should be a great success. The West End has not seen enough of Mr. Gideon for a long time now.

BIG-GAME shooting continues to exert its fascination on hunting people. Miss Marjorie Leigh and Miss Diana Fellowes are going off to East Africa when they have disposed of Miss Leigh's hunting stable. They are going to stay in Tanganyika, nearly two hundred miles from the nearest post office. This will suit both of them very well, for they are two of the most retiring girls in the country, which is surprising when you consider their good looks.

HUNTING people, whether they like it or not, seem quite incapable of keeping away from *Tantivy Towers,* the delicious musical skit by A. P. Herbert at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. When I went there the other night I counted no fewer than three Masters of Foxhounds in the stalls. Two of them evidently thought "Captain Bareback, M.F.H.," very funny; the third did not. The names of the cast alone make the average person smile. There are the Earl and Countess of Tantivy, their daughter, the Lady Anne Gallop, and their son, the Viscount Harkaway.

LONDON will soon become known as the City of Exhibitions. This year we have had the Persian, the Scottish, the Four Georges, and now the Swedish, which was opened by Prince Eugen. All the Diplomatic Corps was there, including Princess Otto von Bismarck, herself a Swede, the Swiss Minister, and Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher. The King and Queen visited it the day previously, and bought two chairs with seats made of strands of rubber, which are the most comfortable things you can imagine.

IT is said, by the way, that the Lochiel was in London the other day and visited the Scottish Exhibition, where he saw what was said to be a Cameron relic associated with Charles Stuart, but the authenticity of which he doubted so much that he wrote to the Selection Committee to lodge a protest. As a matter of fact, this and the Four Georges are, I think, two of the best exhibitions ever held in London. But even these will be put in the shade if the plans mature to hold an Egyptian Exhibition with all the Luxor treasures discovered by Howard Carter.

LONDON'S supper-time life continues to be as gay as ever. The other night, at the Café de Paris, Lord Ivor Churchill was dancing energetically. Sari Maritza, who sprang into fame as a result of Charlie Chaplin's visit, was there also. So was Mr. Pop Fane and his wife, the former Miss

G. Leslie

PAULINE HAWKINS

The eight-year-old skater, who, after only four months skating, received the Bronze Medal of the National Skating Association of Great Britain. She is seen practising on the Oxford Ice Rink

Yevonde

LADY ANNALY

Who presented the prizes after "The Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy Competition at Stoke Poges yesterday, March 24. Before her marriage she was Lady Lavinia Spencer, and she is the sister of Earl Spencer

THE SOCIAL ROUND ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR

Sally Francis, the half-sister of Miss Carstairs, the motor boat expert. I hear, by the way, that Miss Carstairs gave a big party in the South of France the other day for Mr. and Mrs. Francis Francis (Sunny Jarman), when they ultimately arrived after taking a week to do it by aeroplane.

ANYONE who has seen *Good Losers*, the Michael Arlen and Walter Hackett play, will realise at once that the maître d'hôtel who serves pigeon à la maison, is meant to be Quaglino. Quaglino did not mind the dig, however, and has invited Mr. Hackett and Mr. Arlen to come whenever they like to his restaurant, with the promise that he will in no circumstances supply this particular dish!

THIS Easter, writes our Riviera correspondent, will be a very gay one on the Riviera, for already there are some heavy bookings for Easter week, and I fancy that the fine weather has made a lot of people decide to leave the snows of England for a little sunbathing in the South. Here we have been doing quite a lot of bathing, and I saw Fräulein "Cilly" Aussem (who, by the way, is the King of Sweden's favourite partner in mixed doubles, for she has played with him now for three weeks running) taking a dip on the sands at Cannes a day or two ago. Our latest "attraction" out here, and one of our fixtures for Easter week, is the new "Terrier Races." Another item of interest is the expected arrival of M. Gaston Doumergue, President of the French Republic, who will be in Nice at Easter.

Topical

WHEN ALL IS AQUA-PLANE SAILING

Aqua-planing has caught on enormously in America, where not only the men, but the girls, too, are proving that one never need be bored when one has a board. Two fair enthusiasts are seen above enjoying a "spin" off Catalina Island, California

Marion Lewis

LADY MILLICENT TIARKS

Who was married to Mr Henry Tiarks last spring, recently gave birth to a son. She is the only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort

TWO YOUNG MAMMAS

MRS. JAMES PHILIPPS *Lenare*

The wife of Mr. James Philipps, the third son of Sir Laurence and Lady Philipps, who recently presented her husband with a daughter. Before her marriage she was Miss Betty Kindersley, and is the daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Kindersley

IT is some time since the President has been South, and his visit is naturally causing something of a flutter. After his stay in Nice the President is off to Tunis, and will embark for there from Villepourbie Harbour, where so many people take ship nowadays.

THERE was a colossal crowd in Nice for the Grand Prix, which is by far the biggest race in the South. Mr. Kingsley McComber was, as usual, well to the fore, and, indeed, his stable has done most wonderfully well on the Riviera this spring. He had the King of Sweden lunching with him, who afterwards went on to the races, notwithstanding the fact that he had already played (and won) a long three-set final in the Nice tennis tournament, and after the principal race motored back to the courts again in order to play his other final. Not a bad day for a monarch of some seventy-three years of age, for in addition to his activities in the daytime he dines out every night of the week, either in Cannes or Monte Carlo, rarely getting back till well past midnight, and getting up very early in the morning.

HORSES IT WILL PAY TO FOLLOW

MONTE CARLO is getting fuller and fuller, and there are a great many new arrivals. The Hamiltons of Dalziel are here, also Capt. Woolf Barnato, Lady Ashley (who is quite the loveliest out of a collection of lovely women who are here now), one of the Dolly Sisters, the famous "Mis.," who is giving a special show here next week, Chaliapin, Kreisler, Dion Titherage, "Sem" and Mlle. Nikitina (who is taking up singing, by the way, not content with her marvellous dancing).

SIR JAMES DUNN is just back from New York and is at Cap Ferrat once more, while Major and Mrs. "Dick" Warde came by boat from Marseilles, and are in their villa Maryland, quite the loveliest of all the Cap Ferrat lovely villas, I think. Mr. "Oppie," as that popular novelist Mr. Oppenheim is known to his many friends, gave a big dinner at the Paris the other evening, where, as usual, everyone from Cannes seems to have come over for the week-end gala here.

NICE has never seen so many beautiful women as turned out a night or two ago at the Negresco to compete for the "Elegance" gala. Gabrielle Domergue, the famous artist, presided over the grand jury, and there was enormous applause when the Begum Aga Khan was given the "grand prix d'honneur." Miss Rosie Dolly (Mrs. Mortimer Davis) won the first prize, and I saw the Maharajah of Kapurthala, the Frank Jay Goulds, Prince Farid of Persia, and the Aga Khan, who, by the way, is a great dancer these days, besides all his golfing activities, and may often be seen footing it in the evenings. There was a very brilliant and large crowd of people present.

Central News

Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey (left), Mr. R. Bissill, Lady Sibell Lygon and Miss C. McCraith out with the South Notts. Although hunting is rapidly drawing to a close, this thought does not seem to affect their high spirits

Miss Yvonne Chamier, whose engagement to Mr Geoffrey Paul Ridley was recently announced. She is the elder daughter of the late Brigadier-General G. D. Chamier, C.M.G., and of Mrs. Chamier, of Colchester

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Only fit and fancied horses will be the medium of market operations in the ring, and punters must proceed cautiously for a time.

I have all along been sweet on BALLASPORT for the Grand National and I am still confident we shall get a good run for our money. My second string is GRAKLE each way.

GARELOCH must not be missed at Liverpool if saddled for the Hylton Plate. Has been given plenty of work and will pay to follow in the early weeks of the season.

GREASE PAINT or WEARY WILLY should run prominently in the Liverpool Cup for Sir Charles Hyde. CAERLEON, not harshly treated with 8 st. 8 lbs., will represent Lord Derby who dearly loves to win this race.

GLEE MAIDEN and LIGHT O' LOVE are two strong Newmarket fancies for Liverpool.

GOLDEN GLOW and HAYMARKET are two northern horses to note favourably for early engagements. The latter was exercising on the sands during the bad weather.

A northern trainer to follow is Captain Elsey. In JEROME FANDOR he has a really good three-year-old.

LE TOUQUET AND ITS CHARGES

LE TOUQUET this Easter is going to be gayer than ever. It seems that Buck's, White's, and the Embassy will be there to a man. Lord and Lady Portarlington will renew their acquaintance with the place. Lord and Lady Mandeville are going. The Sweeneys are opening their villa, and Colonel William Bishop, V.C., and his wife also hope to get there all the way from Canada in time for the holiday. Lord and Lady Dudley will also be there.

WHAT is pleasant news is that the prices this year are very much lower than before. At one of the chief hotels last year it cost a married couple 650 francs a day en pension with a double bedroom and bathroom. This year the price has been reduced to 450 francs a day. Other charges, I gather, have been similarly lowered. But the great thing is the opening of the new golf-course. In the past it took four hours to do eighteen holes in the afternoon and three hours for a round in the morning. Now it should be possible to go round without any delay at all. An improvement which will appeal to all golfers.

Photographs

MISS NANCY MALCOLMSON

Who will be presented at one of the early Courts this Season. She is the daughter of Mr. Vernon Malcolmson and the Hon. Mrs. Malcolmson of Aston Bury, Stevenage, and Lord Belper's niece

Hay Wrightson

MISS NAN McGOWAN

The younger daughter of Sir Harry and Lady McGowan, is among the debutantes of 1931. Her father is the President and Deputy Chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK

In her robes as Mayor of Warwick, an office which she has held with conspicuous success since 1929. She is the widow of the sixth Earl of Warwick, who died in 1928

ST. MARGARET'S, Westminster, continues to be the most fashionable church for a wedding. Lord Stavordale, however, has chosen St. Martin-in-the-Fields. When someone asked him the reason of his choice he said, jokingly, that, as he had so often been accused of obstructing the traffic with his car, he would really do so on the occasion of his wedding. Certainly St. Martin-in-the-Fields is so situated that a big wedding there is liable to cause a good deal of stoppage in the neighbourhood.

I DO not know where Lord Stavordale or any of the other prospective bridegrooms propose to spend their honeymoons. It will be interesting to see whether Brioni, which succeeded Cap d'Antibes as the best place for a honeymoon, will still continue to maintain its popularity in this respect. Personally, I should not be at all surprised if Estoril, the new resort near Lisbon, where Sir William Jowitt and so many other well-known people are staying, becomes the fashionable resort for honeymooners this year. It is gay, warm, unspoilt and yet most amusing. J. G.

IN the caption to the photograph of Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills, which was the frontispiece to last week's issue of THE BYSTANDER, we

WORKERS IN AID OF CHARITY

Photographs

ANOTHER DEBUTANTE

Miss Diana Elizabeth Blois Cator, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lumley Cator, of The Croft, Hartley Wintney. She is a granddaughter of the late Dowager Lady Blois

Hay Wrightson

MISS BETTY SHAUGHNESSY

The daughter of Colonel the Hon. Piers Leigh and the Hon. Mrs. Piers Leigh, who will be presented by her mother this Season. Her father is Equerry-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales

BACK TO VICTORIA

L.N.A.

Some of the little performers in the charity matinee at the Cambridge Theatre on Monday, which was attended by the Queen. They are seen rehearsing a Victorian Court Ball scene at the London home of Baroness Beaumont

Bertram Park

Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore in the costume, designed by Mr. Gilbert Adams, which she wore in The Pageant of Music at the charity matinee in aid of the Mothercraft Training Society and the Women's League of Service for Motherhood, held at the Cambridge Theatre on Monday, and attended by Her Majesty. Miss Gordon-Moore arranged The Pageant of Music herself

stated that she is the daughter of the late Mr. William Barker Ogden, the American tobacco king. We now learn that the late Mr. W. B. Ogden, who was one of the heads of the famous Anglo-American Tobacco Company, was an Englishman, the family hailing from Liverpool, and we therefore hasten to rectify our previous statement concerning the nationality of the well-known Ogden family.

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR, double-owe-four-three . . . Good-morning, darling . . . how are you? . . . I've had a lovely ride in the Park . . . and returned home via Green Street . . . such a fine house, No. 32, which the Queen has just bought . . . however, it hasn't the advantages of No. 61, the Duke of Sutherland's . . . which has a tennis court and garden . . . 61 is quieter, too . . . in fact, Eileen and Geordie always talk about the part where 32 is as "the noisy end of the street" . . . of course, it is nearer to the traffic of Park Lane and the shouting of the Marble Arch proletariat. . . . No. 61 . . . or Hampden House . . . is decorated with magnificent pictures, tapestries and period furniture, yet the whole effect is very restful and charming, like a country house . . . or, indeed, not unlike the rooms at Sutton Place . . . the Sutherlands' lovely Tudor house near Guildford.

* * *

MARION HOLDEN is another resident in Green Street, although she spends a great deal of her time at her country place and also in the air . . . Both she and her clever husband are flying enthusiasts and brilliant pilots. . . . Her daughter, Wanda Baillie-Hamilton, has just moved to Westminster, as it is more convenient for the "House" . . . as, of course, you know "Charlie" Baillie-Hamilton is M.P. for Bath . . . at present. . . . Marion is always full of vitality and wit, and looks far too young to be Wanda's mother . . . in fact, one day as she hurried into the Embassy in a simple blue coat and skirt and pull-on hat I remarked to the woman with me, "that's Marion Holden." . . . "Good heavens!" she answered, "she looks as though she had just been bowling her hoop in Kensington Gardens." . . . Have you heard about the sensation in the ladies' cloakroom of a famous hotel restaurant the other night. . . . Two women reached out for the same comb simultaneously . . . to recognise each other! . . . one had taken away the other's husband . . . and kept him. . . . The guilty party said hurriedly, "Do take the comb first." The reply was, "No, thanks, you can take the brush-comb and my love to Arthur . . ." she then poured a large powder bowl over her rival's head and flounced out. . . . It must have been feminine scenes like this that caused the cloakroom ceiling in another well-known restaurant to descend suddenly the other night.

Vaughan and Freeman

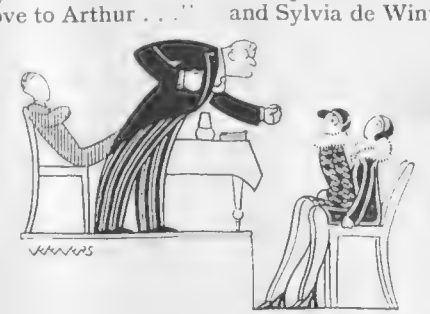
MRS. W. LITTLEJOHN COOK

The wife of Capt. Littlejohn Cook, who served with the Gordon Highlanders in the War and was later attached to the Admiralty Transport Department for special duty in Scandinavia and Russia. She was formerly of St. Petersburg, and on her mother's side belongs to one of the old Russian aristocratic families

Marian Lewis

BARONESS PALMSTIERNA

The wife of the Swedish Minister, who is a patron of the International Ball to be held at Grosvenor House on May 21. It will be under the auspices of the League of Nations Union, and promises to be one of the events of the year



ERMINE tails are returning to use again; poor little things, no one has wanted them for several years . . . so much so that in a pageant the other day the Marchese Malacrida used on her fancy dress over three hundred unwanted tails she had collected . . . but the other night Dolly Warrender had a bunch of them hanging from the cuffs of her black velvet coat . . . and Lady Newnes has a stole with them in their proper place . . . on the ermine skins . . . and a very chic little French lady . . . whose name I have, alas! forgotten . . . wore them on one of the new wrap-and-tie capes which are to be the smart thing this summer. . . . Lady Fitzalan of Derwent has a new and original idea; her charity committee meetings are to take the form of a series of luncheon parties in her charming house in Eaton Square. . . . Most of us would find it a far more enjoyable way of dispensing charity than sitting on a hard chair.

* * *

IN spite of the sunshine here and the report that it is cold . . . even though sunny . . . in the South of France . . . many of our friends are still leaving us. . . . The Lee-Guinnesses have already gone; Nina Seafield and Derek Studley Herbert may go any day now. . . . However, Sylvia Ashley has returned to London from staying with the Plunketts at Cap d'Ail, and is looking more lovely than ever . . . and Lady Lavery is home again. . . . The American idea of drinking tea with one's supper . . . or even dinner . . . is becoming quite popular. . . . Over kippers and bacon and eggs at the Café Anglais I saw several well-known young things sipping tea . . . and at the Savoy grill no surprise is expressed when you order a pot. . . . The Ranee of Pudukota often drinks it, even quite early in the evening. . . .

* * *

THE hot sausage theatre bar at Hector's did a roaring trade during the St. George's election. Duff-Cooper himself rushed in several evenings for hot sausages between meetings . . . and I saw Lady Juliet Duff there one night . . . also politically minded . . . and Lord Glentanar with his Norwegian wife . . . who was looking fairer than ever!

* * *

HAVE you seen the new glass jewellery set with real diamonds? . . . It may prove as popular as crystal did four years ago. . . . Margaret Whigham has a necklace of long green glass cubes interspersed with links of diamonds . . . and Sylvia de Winton Wills has a lovely ring of three circles . . . two of periwinkle-blue glass with a wide diamond band between them . . . . I must go now, Baa, dear . . . I have a thousand things to do . . . and a date with someone very attractive! . . . Au revoir.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN

COLLINSON OWEN

Thinks There Is Too Much

"FEMINISATION OF THE WORLD"

OF course, one knows from the outset that to generalise about women is as absurd as to generalise about men. There are just as many sorts of women as there are sorts of men: bad, sad, mad and glad women, and many more besides. On the one side "ministering angels" of rare virtue. On the other, sturdy wife-beaters—although their numbers are sadly diminishing.

But when we compare sex with sex, and ask what characteristics distinguish one from the other under the test of this or that activity, then we are on much easier ground, and it is not difficult to arrive at certain conclusions.

One may begin with what affects us most importantly to-day—the question of politics. How many men and women are there who really believe that the active participation of women in politics, whether as holders of office or as the preponderating voting power, is good for a country such as ours, whose rôle in the world is that of a sort of benevolent Rome of other days, with all sorts of masculine jobs still to do?

It would need an organised census to answer the question with precision. But I can say this about it, with every confidence drawn from observation, that the number of women who desire an active participation in national and world affairs is very small; probably even smaller than the number of men of the type who hail a glorious new dawn with every new woman member who manages to get into Parliament.

AT first sight, therefore, we have a small minority of a masculine type of women who want to join the crew of the Ship of State, matched by a small minority of a feminine type of men who ardently yearn for the same ideal. But probably it is wrong to say either that this type of woman is masculine or that the equivalent type of man is feminine. They are both really a sort of neutral, and, as such, principally a nuisance to the mass of normal people, male and female, who are reasonable enough to know that you can't, even in politics, be both man and woman without being something not worth while.

The experience of introducing women to the House of Commons has not been so much a failure as a nullity. It has meant just nothing. I know that you can have stupid male members. There are at least 237 morons in the present assembly, not to mention careerists, fence-sitters, and loyal party men. We all know also that it is possible to find here and there an outstanding woman who, because of unusual gifts, is qualified to play an adequate part in a debating chamber.

But the point—or one point—is that it was not worth while making the vast change involved in admitting women to the House of Commons in view of the results obtained, which anybody with any robustness of thought must have known in advance would be just nothing.

To see only half a dozen or so women in their pleasant toilettes dotted about the chamber at St. Stephen's gives that place an air of complete unreality. We know that this chamber is, or should be, the fire-control station, so to speak, of a vast Empire involving immense responsibilities. We know that such matters as the fate of India, what to do with Egypt and the Sudan, how big an Air Force to have, what to do when somebody wants to have another war are, or should be, decided there. And to see frocks and furbelows in such a gathering affects one much as it would do to see musical-comedy female naval officers, in their very tight trousers, standing on the fire-control platform of a battleship.

There are innumerable scenes in life which would be incomplete and arid without the presence of women. But the House of Commons is not one of them. Their presence there diminishes that assembly. The spectacle of an earnest woman debater butting into the Army Estimates, and saying in silvery tones: "And, Mr. Speaker, I *do* think . . ." is in no sense uplifting.

Is it progress? The answer, as Mr. Al Smith, Democratic candidate in the last U.S. Presidential Election, remarked, is "boloney." (He wasn't, by the way, talking about women in politics, or he wouldn't have dared to say that.) It is the sort of progress which

Mr. Collinson Owen, author of the article on this and the following page, as depicted by Howard Coster's camera

"THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN"

Is carried yet another stage by this outspoken article, which follows others written from a different angle by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim and Miss Ethel Mannin, which appeared in our issues of March 11 and 18.

Next week the discussion will be continued by Miss Daphne Du Maurier

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If Gossip

THE King and Queen have announced their intention of giving their patronage to the opera season at Covent Garden, which, with this most desirable official blessing, will start matters going socially on April 27. Their Majesties, when they take the Royal Box, subscribe to the season as do private individuals, just as any box occupied by them at any other theatre is invariably paid for. Although he is not nowadays so frequent a visitor to the opera as he used to be (during one season, a good many years ago, he heard Melba in *Pagliacci* no fewer than eleven times), the King always makes a point of giving his personal support. A few seasons ago he heard *Les Huguenots*, and was, I believe, not impressed, which is hardly surprising, for it is a dull old work. But last year he and the Queen obviously enjoyed every moment of *Die Fledermaus*.

PRINCESS MARY has rather more serious musical tastes than her parents, and last year was a regular attendant at Wagner's *Ring*, which she will also hear this year. The Prince of Wales is, frankly, not an opera-lover, though he showed considerable enthusiasm over *Der Rosenkavalier*, which he heard on one of his very rare visits. The Duke of Connaught is very fond of *La Bohème* and all the Puccini operas, thus sharing the taste of King Edward. But the most regular patrons of the opera among the Royal Family are Princess Marie Louise and Princess Helena Victoria, who are seen there at least two or three times a week, sometimes in the Royal Box, but often in the stalls. Thus, in spite of many rival attractions, the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, does indeed continue to live up to its name.

Mr. F. C. Tiarks, the former Master of the Mendip, at the Weston-super-Mare Harriers' Steeplechase. He is seen talking to Miss Timmis, who rode his horse, Boxing Day, in the Ladies' race

Mrs. A. S. Bellville on her way to weigh in after winning the Nomination Open Ladies' Steeplechase on her horse, Candle, at the Aldenham Harriers' Point-to-Point races. They took place at Friars Wash, near Harpenden

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD has always declared his detestation of the Communists. Considering the rude things that are written about him in the Communist papers, this is hardly surprising. Nevertheless, I am interested to find him declaring that Communism is not nearly such a serious menace as the House of Lords. "The fight against Communism," he has just told us, "is nothing like th fight against the House of Lords. . . What business has Lord Hailsham talk about Lenin as an odd sort character? He stands alongside him." With the latter part of t preposterous announcement it is i necessary for us to concern oursel a man who can see any parallel tween Lord Hailsham and could see anything. But matters come to a pretty pass when a Pr Minister of England openly decl that to the Lords Temporal (and sumably, the Lords Spiritual also, this Realm he prefers a system means the annihilation of al

J RIDERS IN POINT-TO-POINTS

s fighting it out at the last jump during s' Adjacent Hunts Race at the East Essex t-to-Point at Panfield, near Braintree. The Irs. Cooper-Bland's Up Jenkins with the is seen on the left, with Mrs. Cunningham's ner up), which finished third, in the centre. ght is seen Miss Joan Parry on her mount, Bellax, which ran into second place

We Must

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

According to the "Sunday Express," film stars in Hollywood are no longer recklessly squandering their money, but are investing it in safe business enterprises in which they interest themselves personally.

GOOD-BYE to the lure and the glamour
Of parties where thousands are spent,
Our far-sighted film stars now clamour
For shares at a safe five per cent.,
So doubtless we'll see Norma Shearer
Re-shingling her fair neighbour's locks,
And Harold Lloyd's bound very soon to be found
Insuring our shipping and stocks.

Since thoughts of new callings now urge on
The stars, Kathryn Carver we'll see
As a highly efficient young surgeon
Complete with a lofty degree,
And surely divine Greta Garbo
In feminine garb ought to deal,
Whilst Miss Mary Carr would prove well up to par
In selling an automobile.

There's no doubt at all Noah Beery
Would prove more successful than some
As Mine Host in an inn, bright and cheery,
Dispensing old ale, Scotch and rum.
But why most film magnates continue
To emulate butchers and sell
Many films of the type that we designate "tripe"
Is a thing that the public can't tell! B.W.

ecencies of this life and all expectation of the next, which means blasphemy, filth, starvation and horror, the denial of God and the ridicule of religion. I can hardly think Mr. MacDonald meant what he said; I hope he did not. But it is beyond question that he said it.

BY FRANK FORD

wanted a bed sitting-room. I can see the bed, but where's the sitting room?"
)n the bed!"

I HAVE just returned from a flying visit to Paris—flying in every sense of the word, for I was whisked over in an Air Union machine in the shortest time I have ever experienced. It is pretty remarkable, even in this age of marvels, to stand on the pavement of the Haymarket at 12.10, watching London's red 'buses, and to stand on the pavement of the Boulevard des Italiens at 3.10, watch-Paris's green 'buses. Paris is still fairly empty so far as British and American visitors are concerned; but it is a mighty pleasant place for all that—and possibly because of that.

JACQUELINE LOGAN

The American actress who played the only feminine part in "Smoky Cell," Edgar Wallace's crook play, which recently concluded a successful run at Wyndham's Theatre. It will probably be revived later in the season

PAPERS published in Paris in American are still full of two main topics—the doings of the American War heroes, including the unveiling of war memorials and the holding of reunion dinners—and the shortcomings of England and the English. It is only fair to add that, although Anglophobia is the paramount feature of this section of American opinion, Europe, as a whole,

seems to figure pretty low in its estimation. There is, for instance, considerable annoyance that Europeans go to America and write books about it. "Does anyone care," chirps one Paris-American journal, "what they think? Formerly our Toms, Dicks, and Harrys came to Europe, where they found a lot of funny people, and went back home and told the whole United States about it, and we all nudged each other and were glad we lived in a civilised country."

AMERICA, the decent portion of it, is practically held up to ransom by gangsters. There are more murders in Chicago and New York, in proportion to their population, than in any other city in the world. Millions of dollars are spent annually in New York alone in bribing the police. Judges have their price, and are themselves blackmailed for evading the laws they are supposed to uphold. Prohibition will never be repealed for the simple reason that too many people are grafting on it. Deaths from alcoholism are on the increase, and young girls carry flasks and get drunk at parties as a matter of course. That will do, I think, to go on with. Yet this is the "civilised" country to which its citizens are declared to be so anxious to return after a visit to "uncivilised" Europe and to such barbaric and uncultured countries as England, Germany, France and Italy.

A POPULAR BOHEMIAN L.N.A.

Mr. Noel Curtis-Bennett and Mrs. Montagu, whose marriage will, it is said, take place in the near future, enjoying the spring sunshine in the Park. Mr. Curtis-Bennett, who is a prominent Treasury official, is well known in leading Bohemian circles, besides being, like his brother, Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, the famous K.C., very keen on outdoor sport and its furtherance in this country

I AM constantly hearing that Americans accuse us of lack of humour, stolidity, and dullness of conversation, with the implication that they are themselves blithe and mercurial talkers who are wont to set the table in a roar. To what extent, I wonder, is this true? I do not suggest that a vast amount can be proved by quoting a particular instance. But in the course of this Paris visit I dined, as usual, at Prunier's, where the Langouste, the Belons, and the Bouillabaisse are always irresistible. At the next table sat an American and his wife—grey-haired, grim-mouthed, and obviously very rich. For an hour and a half they did not utter a single syllable. When the meal was concluded the man remarked, "Good eats." After a long pause, the woman rejoined, with restrained bitterness, "But the soyvice was bum." And they went, silently, out into the night and the Rue Duphot.

Peter North

Carl Brisson and Enid Stamp-Taylor, two of the principals in "Wonder Bar," indulging in a sentimental duet. This musical play has been, and still is, proving a big winner at the Savoy Theatre, having passed its hundredth performance this month

EARLY next month Signor Umberto Possenti, when the Monte Carlo Ciro's is closed, will take over the management of our own London Ciro's. He has been connected with Ciro's establishments since the War (in which his service was not "bum," for he had plenty of fighting and rose to the rank of captain), except for two spells at the Casino de la Forêt Le Touquet. But Umberto, as many people know him, had acquaintance with London in the long ago, for in Edwardian times, long before his hair was white, as it is now, he was a waiter at Prince's and, later, at the Savoy. Ciro's is going particular

Keystone

Here are the Nymphs in the Wood! But where is Pan? Surely the goat-god, essentially a democratic deity, would not be too proud to ignore Purley Woods when their glades are visited by sun-bathers so full of joie de vivre as those seen above

strong just now. It always strikes me as being exactly the right size.

HARRY PRESTON lost no time in celebrating his return to health by, characteristically, doing kind actions and helping other people. He is now hard at work on a particularly strenuous job for a particularly deserving cause—the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic. In aid of this he is organising an amateur boxing tournament, to be held at the Albert Hall on the 31st of this month. Among the events will be competitions between representatives of the Navy, the Army, the Marines, the R.A.F., the Civil Service, the City Police, the Metropolitan Police, the Irish Free State Civic Guard, and the London Fire Brigade. The Duke of York will himself be present and will present the prizes, and Lord Lonsdale will, of course, be there as president of the committee. You will be far more certain of seeing some admirable boxing, carried on in genuine sporting fashion, at this affair than at most of the much-boomed contests between the professional "big noises." Personally, I prefer Army and Navy xing to any other. The ht spirit is always re.

ALKING of Army matters, Captain Starr ds me particulars of e next Aldershot Tattoo, which will take place on Saturday, June 13, and from Tuesday, June 16, to Saturday, June 20, at Rushmoor Arena. You may remember that the Socialist Government took their usual comic view last year, and had something to say about the Tattoo savouring of "militarism." From the proposed programme I note that very, very distant history is to be utilised for the pageant, which seems to indicate that official pressure has been brought to bear to water-down the militarist flavour as much as possible. I can only surmise that it is for this reason that the story of Boadicea has been chosen, for Boadicea in battle could not hurt any foreign nation's susceptibilities. Indeed, it was probably the fact that this British queen, splendid heroine though she was, happened to have been defeated by an invading power that made an irresistible appeal to our Labour pacifists.

BY RIDGEWELL

"Yes, but why *should* I join the Foreign Legion?"

Paul Freeman

OLIVE MELVILLE

One of the clever young people who are helping to make the "Chelsea Follies" so enormously successful at the Victoria Palace. This theatre is now very much "on the map" and limousines outside and boiled shirts inside its doors are conspicuous by their presence

A charming white frock of mousseline de soie embroidered with crystal beads and falling with full frills to the feet. The matching coat is trimmed with bands of black fox. Elbow-length gloves
Model Jenny

A QUE

One wonders sometimes w is the real urge that se one to the big "star" turiers; why every woma so anxious to be dressed by then and the answer is that not only ca she then utterly rely on the style, cut and material, but on the *taste* which has created it. They have risen t be stars because they are artists an individualists, so she will be assured that the model she chooses will be one to suit *her* personality, all of which is part and parcel of this question of good taste. While taste of the best kind is innate, happily it can, to a large degree, be cultivated. It is even a great step in the right direc tion to know if your own taste *ca not* be trusted and to be guided others. Doubly important is it, the fore, to choose the best guide.

Good taste is a very precious p session—a priceless asset. enters into every decorative sch of home and person, not to men that side of it which deals manners and the mind. It pres poses refinement, an artistic ser and an instinct for what is right wrong to the eye. A big Fren house, when asked to reproduce certain model in another colour bright red, I remember), and in slightly different material, replied tha they regretted that as neither w suitable to that model they could put their name to such a creatio The buyer got the shock of her lif a salutary lesson, and eventually sub mitted to their taste.

Boldly into the midst of this co troversy steps the pyjama froc which it is impossible to ignore, as is the outstanding mode for sp and summer. But it must be c fully chosen, as it can, with w handling, undoubtedly verge on vulgar. Actually, it is the m feminine thing imaginable, cut an enormous width round the ar flowing outwards from the slim of waist and hips. Frankly, I *dying* to know what those dear l are going to do about it who present clamouring against the fas dictatorship which has brought a turn to long skirts. Do they r that these same dictators hav sented the most practical ments that their emancipate *could* crave for? Actually– tions! True, for the evenin *are* long, but perhaps with t known strength of mind th hitch 'em up a bit? Anyway neux shows some shorts for the

ON OF TASTE

BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

well, so really I don't see what ıe is to grumble at. They are un-onventional, certainly, but what is convention, after all, but something we have got used to? The point is, *will* 'hey have the courage of their convic-ions and wear them? I doubt it.

THERE is a lovely new colour for the evening which is a pinky mauve, rather like faded lilac, which is quite exquisite in soft, gleaming satin or crêpe de Chine. Schiaparelli does a ovely pyjama in this shade, ith ironed seams widening ıtwards from the waist to em. She adds a three-rnered crêpe de Chine ırf in a bright, unripe nge colour, and gets ıy with it marvellously; corner of it falls down back décolletage, the ıer two tie in the front. en, with one of her famous ss transformations, it un-s and fastens as a belt und the waist, converting into a pyjama du soir.

IN shimmering satins, chiffons, lace, and printed 'ks, there is no end to their iginality and charm. But remains for some dress enius to think up a name for them. To call these lelicate, voluminous crea-ons "trouser skirts" is ınkly frightful and in no ıy describes their allure. y are made doubly in-guing because they so re-ble the new skirts whose ıness comes from a point the centre front and back, 'hat one cannot tell into ch division they fall—and is left guessing. They given just the zest to s this season required, h has produced no other ınding novelty. They young and daring, with touch of piquancy and " that stimulates the such as la haute loves to launch upon ctant world. So if we adopt this French had we not better the name with it and is piece of delicate ity pyjama du soir?

WITH them are worn little coats in velvet of a bright contrasting shade. These are shorter than ever, and are in brilliant even crude, reds and greens. Sometimes they are just boleros, fastening at the waist with one button. For those who are not sure of their figures there is, too, the longer, finger-tip length. Sleeves usually show a fur trimming at very wide cuffs or bordering a cape-sleeve. Collars are either draped or Medici, and whatever we may endeavour to do without, we will find it hard to withstand the charms of one of these little coats. With them, too, we can ring the changes of colour scheme with shoes, bag and flowers to match, making the vivid contrast so much in vogue this spring.

One of the engaging little fur wraps created by Worth, which has a scarf cape attached to a fur collar. It may be worn with or without the coat it accompanies. *Model Worth*

THE MAN WHO STAYED BEHIND

By Norman Kay

"He always did it so naturally, so nonchalantly"

DON'T know whether you've noticed it or not, but there's always one person, when a party reaks up, that stays behind. Of ırse, old-fashioned people ght think that when a party's ished everyone ought to go ome, but often the only opportnity you have of meeting your ostess is afterwards. And, even f you have met her, you may want o talk about some private matter hat you would not want overheard y the rest. Well, anyway, there ıay be a hundred and one reasons vhy you should want to stay ehind after a party, but an equal ıumber of reasons to make it impossible.

THERE was only one man I ever knew who never seemed to find t impossible, or, at least, only nce. It's that once I'm telling you bout. His name was Savernake. There was never a party he went to but he did not manage to stay behind. And he always did it so naturally, so nonchalantly, so unobtrusively. Many a man who is successful in other branches of life will fall down on this. I know because I've gone into the matter pretty thoroughly, and the way Savernake handled the situation was amazing. His technique was superb. With technique and judicious audacity nothing can stop you.

SAVERNAKE would come up to his hostess at the end of a party and you would really think he was off; then suddenly he would clap his hand to his pocket and say: "Oh, by the way, did you give me back those photographs?" And she would say: "What photographs?" And he would say: "Why, those photographs of mother and me at the seaside. Perhaps they're still in the drawing-room. Do you mind if I look?" And, of course, by the time he'd looked, we had all gone. And he stayed behind. I tell you he became the recognised authority on the matter.

WELL, it so happened that, with the season coming on, and lots of hostesses giving parties, I thought that if I wanted to get well launched in the social whirl I had better seek out Savernake and ask him if he would be kind enough to give me a few hints.

I found him in the midst of trying out some new devices for staying behind when I called at his flat.

"Why, of course, I shall be delighted," he said. "As you see, I was just working out a few ideas when you came in. Doesn't do to get rusty, you know." He was sparring with a couple of dummies dressed as hostesses even as he spoke.

"Here's a great one I've just discovered." He made a pass at one of the dummies. "Look, you say good-night and then suddenly you lean forward and whisper in her ear (here he hauled the dummy towards him): 'Have you heard about Jervis? Pretty serious.' Then she'll say: 'Why, what is it?' Then you say: 'I'd better stay around a second and tell you."

I said I thought that was wonderful, and asked him if I could make some notes.

"SURE," he said. "Another fine idea I'm trying out this evening is the telephone. You see, you say good-bye" (here he grasped the hand of the other dummy), "then suddenly, in low, incisive tones, like this, you ask: 'Excuse me, could I use your telephone? My brother, you know.' Then, of course, you hang on as long as necessary. Rather good, don't you think.

"The best one, however," he continued, "and the one I keep for really First Class hostesses, is: 'Have you an aspirin?' Because no woman can ever resist the maternal instinct of giving you an aspirin, and, of course, she has to wait until the others have gone in order to find it. Take my tip and try aspirin."

"It's awfully kind of you to have told me so much," I thanked him, and went home to start in on immediate rehearsals.

By Chicot

1st Film Star: "We all have our little trials"
2nd Film Star: "Never mind, darling. Think what they count for as publicity!"

I CAN'T really say I had much success. I'd forgotten, of course, that Savernake would be at every party I went to. Apart from that, all his suggestions went wrong when I tried them. The first party I went to and used Approach No. 1, my hostess said: "Good God! The man's mad! I never heard of Jervis." And yet ten seconds later, as I was putting on my coat, I heard Savernake say: "Jervis has the most magnificent filly entered for the Runwell Stakes to-morrow. I'll jot it down if you've got some paper and a pencil." "Just wait a bit till the others have gone, and I'll get them for you," she said.

Likewise, when I tried the telephone trick, all I got was: "Sorry it's out of order." Yet a second later I heard Savernake say: "When can I telephone? I've something rather urgent to tell you." "Oh, please wait till the rest have gone. You can tell me then," she said.

With the aspirin it was just the same. "Sorry, not one in the house," she told me. Then I saw Savernake go up: "I'll bet you won't have an aspirin," he said, "but what have you got?" "Wait till I can go and look," she said. I could have shot him.

CONTINUED failure was beginning to prey upon my mind. I determined to thwart Savernake. I thought and thought, and then I got an idea. A Big Idea. I waited to use it until the invitation came from the Prettiest Hostess of the Season. Savernake accepted, too, of course, and when I saw him I knew it would be a fight to a finish. I watched the guests leaving. One by one they went; only Savernake and I remained. Then Savernake went up and started talking to her. Now was my chance.

"Why, hello, Savernake," I said, "I didn't know you knew my wife. Sorry you're going. Hope you enjoyed the party."

He didn't seem able to reply. I even had to help him on with his coat. It was not till I opened the door that he said: "I—I must apologise, old man, I—I didn't know that was your wife."

"Neither did I," I said, and closed the door.

After that, success never left me.

RICHARD VINER.

WHERE FRANCE MEETS ITALY

H. NEAL

A fair bather on the red rocks at Mentone, the Riviera town on the frontier between France and Italy. She may well be symbolising Peace looking for that spirit of mutual trust and goodwill which has not been too notable between these neighbours during recent months

SCOTLAND WINS THE CALCUTTA CUP

Scotland were pressing from the kick-off, in a drizzling rain at Murrayfield, Edinburgh. A Scotsman pulled up in the English 25. In 19 minutes Scotland had scored 2 goals, but a minute later, Tallent scored a fine try which Black converted

Half-time scores were : Scotland, 4 goals (20 points), England 2 goals 1 try (13 points). Within 3 minutes of the second half Scotland scored again by I. S. Smith, who in the picture is seen taking a pass from Ford Whiteley, the English full-back is tackling Ford, and Reeves (England) is closing in

Pope, the English scrum half (fallen down), is seen passing to Knowles, who holds the ball ; beyond him is Aarvold, Tallent and Reeves. Tallent played brilliantly and scored twice. The England backs on the whole were not too fast, not often dangerous, and dropped passes. Pope played excellently

Photographs by .

GLAND GETS THE "WOODEN SPOON"

efeated at Murrayfield by Scot- 1 try (28 points) to 3 goals (1 (19 points), for an England- ial constituting a record for vas an open and sporting game of 80,000 people, equally sporting. In fact, the Scots were almost dismayed to see Scotland 2 goals up in under 20 minutes play, and their applause was enthusiastic and genuine when England got on level terms a little later There is no doubt that Scotland deserved their victory, for, although the game was fast up and down the field, Scotland were more dangerous and pressed more consistently than their opponents. Scotland has now won back the Calcutta Cup, and England possesses for the first time on record the Wooden Spoon ! The English forwards were fine, but the back division on the whole was not together

A throw-in. Scotland, on the whole, got the best of the line-outs, but England got the ball more often in the scrums. There was too much lethargy in the line-out on the part of England

t : A mêlée before England's line. Whiteley brings down Ford, who passes back to Allan Allan played a brilliant game and his place kicking went far to win the match

a brilliant goal, following a fine effort by Tallent, who dashed over in the corner. Five minutes later the Cambridge University crack ran right a backs and scored between the posts. If the English defence had been stronger the result might have been different, but the better side won

General

OSSIBLE WINNERS of the GRAND NATIONAL.

SIR LINDSAY

One of the two fancied candidates owned by Mr. Jock Whitney, the famous American sportsman, whose name always looms large when the Aintree meeting draws near

EASTER HERO

Another famous horse owned by the young American millionaire, Mr. Jock Whitney. The Grand National has a particular appeal to him and he hopes to win it this year

BALLASPORT

Which may well give a good account of himself at Aintree on Friday, is owned by Sir H. Wernher. The Czecho-Slovakian "dark" horse, Gyi Lovam I, has failed to impress the critics over here

Photographs

SHAUN GOILIN

Who has the support of many. They look to him to repeat his victory in last year's Grand National

Central Press

DRINTYRE

One of the strongly fancied candidates for Grand National honours. He is owned by Capt. C. N. Brownhill

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

YOU KNOW WHAT RUSSIANS ARE!

Illustrated by A. GALLAND

By WINIFRED HOLTBY

PENELOPE BENTLEY STURGE sat in her temporary office at the hotel, correcting the minutes of that morning's meeting. She liked to think of her office as a small cell of ordered and beneficent activity, suspended above the vivid anarchy of Paris. Far below in the streets the taxis scurried, erratic as water-beetles; men and women, pursuing their private and disorderly pleasures, settled like flies at the tables outside the cafés, and the hurrying, indifferent chaos of the city sparkled beneath of darkness.

Penelope did not want to go out again that evening. She did not really like Paris. She wanted to stay in her office drafting memoranda, answering correspondence, and acquiring merit as the efficient and tactful British Secretary of the International Union of Philanthropic Organisations.

Bianca Patacci, the Italian translator, asked her, "But must you go out again this evening?"

"I fear I must," she sighed. "You see I promised Allison to look up this Baraloff case for her. She was a college friend of mine who married a Russian pianist just before the War. He died; but there's this brother of his in Paris whose wife is always writing to Allison, pleading poverty. Allison can't get away to see how things are for herself, so she asked me."

"You think them a fraud, yes?"

"Oh, no. Not frauds, necessarily. But probably rather slack and temperamental. Inclined to make the worst of things. You know what Russians are!"

Penelope considered that she knew very well what Russians were. Ten years' experience in the organisation of international philanthropy had given her a long and exacting acquaintance with post-war Russians, and had enabled her to develop a technique which combined practical efficiency with the light touch and sense of proportion needed to counteract their temperament. The English were, in her opinion, very well suited to deal with Russians.

These thoughts consoled her as she hurried along the rain-washed boulevard, and climbed the dark stone staircase, smelling of mildew, cabbage and tom-cats, which led to the Baraloffs' apartment. They lived at the top of the house, and on their door was a card announcing "Alexandre Baraloff—Artiste."

"Artiste?" Penelope smiled pityingly. "That at least, if vague, is comprehensive."

And she rang the bell.

The door was opened by an immensely stout middle-aged woman with an astonishing moustache.

"Mademoiselle Sturrge? Come in, if you please. My husband has expected you," she said; and Penelope followed her into a large, bleak room. It was indescribably unpre-ossessing. The shutters were broken, the squalid mats ad been trodden down into the dirty boards, and below the ble Penelope could just see a clutter of books, papers, -s and children's garments thrust there presumably in an ort to tidy up. On the table were cakes and a samovar, nd cubes of sugar in a pink-tinted glass.

"I am so sorry I cannot speak Russian," Penelope said in ner prim, accurate French.

She wondered how many children the Baraloffs had, and whether there were fleas on the broken sofa, and whether a woman as fat as Madame Baraloff could really be short of food. Hungry or not, Madame Baraloff showed no enthusiasm for her potential helper. Her hard brown eyes snapped with antagonism as she asked Penelope if she liked Paris, and how long she had known Allison, and whether she had ever been to Russia. Penelope never had been to Russia, but she had been to Warsaw, which came, she considered, to almost the same thing. Madame Baraloff thought otherwise. They did not, in fact, get along very well, until the door flew open, and in an explosion of welcoming gay apology Baraloff himself entered.

"But it is really you! How good! How charming!" In three strides he reached the sofa, took both her hands and kissed them.

With that gesture the whole situation changed. He might have been a fairy prince waking a spell-bound palace with a kiss. The samovar bubbled, four children burst through the folding doors, and even Madame Baraloff grew more cordial.

"I should have known you from the photograph the dear Allison sent us," Baraloff said. "But you are more beautiful, much, much more beautiful. It does not do justice to your fair colouring and the elegance of the English grande dame."

Penelope was a comely young woman of thirty-three, neatly attired and adequately handsome, and she was not accustomed to this frank apprisal. She blushed, but she was not displeased.

She decided that one could not judge Baraloff as an ordinary man. He climbed into the big armchair and sat there looking at her, his brown hands clasping his thin ankles, while his wife poured tea into the glasses and handed Penelope biscuits and jam to be eaten with a spoo from a cracked saucer.

The meagre hospitality of his home did not op Baraloff. He talked. He was a tremendous talker m-mense black eyebrows dominating his pale face d down like wings. His eyes sparkled. He everybody and everything, except those do which Penelope had come to hear.

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He talked of Lenin. He talked of Lunacharsky. He talked of the Russian film.

"We cannot help being the greatest film artists in the world," he declared. "The ballet bred in us the art of mime; but that is not everything. It is that we live in the moment. For you of the West, your emotions are tempered by memory of the past or forethought for the future; but we see nothing but the present. You know the hour to be a fragment of eternity; we know that eternity can dwell in an hour. Our emotions come upon us naked and overwhelm us. We do not see that to-morrow will be another day."

"I see," nodded Penelope. "I understand."

She meant to imply, "I have a trained intelligence. I am broad-minded. I understand temperaments other than my own, even if I do not approve of them."

"I can see that. I can see that." His eyes gleamed with pleasure. "You do understand. You are simpatico. For so many strangers there is no comprehension. I say words—you say words. Your words mean nothing to me nor mine to you. We have no meeting-ground, no common life. And life should be communion—it should be experience shared."

"Co-operation," murmured Penelope conscientiously.

He seized on the word. "Co-operation—making something together—organic communion. The true art of intercourse."

He was not in the least like a case whom one could bring forward to the I.U.P.O. for consideration under Schedule D., Sub-section 17.

Penelope felt that in some strange way he understood her. Accustomed as she was in her work to deal with strangers, she was less familiar with this frank interest of strangers in herself. For he began to ask her questions about her own beliefs and tastes and judgments, and she replied first haltingly and then with less restraint. She felt more at ease with him than she had ever felt with any other man.

She did not notice how Madame Baraloff drew the children together, and began to beckon them from the room. She was absolutely unconscious of any change in the emotional atmosphere between husband and wife, when suddenly the storm swept down upon her.

Baraloff said something in Russian to his wife; the wife replied, and there they were, seized by a hurricane of tempestuous fury.

Penelope had never seen anything like it. The woman raged at Baraloff. Her eyes flashed, her lip trembled, the heavy breasts beneath her tight woollen jumper quivered with passion. Baraloff leapt to his feet. His arms waved like windmills. He shouted at his wife.

The children cried, and hid under the table, or behind the folding doors.

What a place, what people! Penelope thought shuddering. She felt as though the angry, unintelligible words battered her physically. She was bruised and shocked by their assault.

While the Russians screamed and shouted, she began quietly to collect her furs and bag. But before she could reach the door the storm subsided. The woman made a pleading gesture. Baraloff's face broke into a charming smile. He caught the two-year-old boy, and tossed him shoulder high. He implored Penelope to sit down again.

It was all over. Penelope could hardly believe the evidence of her senses. Surely such clamour could not die so suddenly, leaving not even an echo in the air?

"You know the 'Coin Russie,' I suppose?" asked Baraloff, as though he had been discussing restaurants all the time. "Though you have not been there, or I should have seen you. You must come. You would like it. I play my accordion there. If you wait a minute I will show you sketches."

left the room, and the woman turned immediately to Penelope. "Mademoiselle." Her gutteral was urgent. "You like my husband?"

Well—I . . . ." Penelope was beyond ment.

"You will go to hear him play?"

Her bright glance flickered over Penelope's face like the tongue of a snake.

"I hardly know. I have not much time in Paris."

"You will go," said the woman, "then you will understand. He is a great artist. But what is the accordion? He brings back scraps of food sometimes, and the dear Allison sends us all clothes. But what are two hundred francs a week? We cannot live. The children need boots. There is the rent. Please, you must help us."

Penelope had heard similar appeals before. Her well-trained social-worker's brain delivered all the proper warnings against indiscriminate charity. It calculated cost-of-living figures, rentals, real wages, currency exchanges. But her fingers, moving independently, fumbled in her morocco bag.

Before Baraloff re-entered the room with sketches of his restaurant his wife was tucking a wad of notes into her woollen bodice.

"Now why did I do that?" Penelope asked herself, riding back in the jolting, swaying Métro. "How stupid to give the woman so much money—five hundred francs, no less—when under Schedule D their whole finances might have been put on to a more stable basis. I ought to make him come and see the Paris Section when the Conference is over and they have time to deal with individual cases."

She told herself that she must see Baraloff to give him this advice, but she dreaded re-entering the apartment.

She decided to go and dine, as he suggested, at the 'Coin Russie' one night, and see him there. It looked expensive, but she co

"The fish-like youth sat at the piano . . . Behind him stood a violinist, bu against the curve of the piano, Baraloff swayed on his toes, the accordion be

.t it. Besides, a little dissipation was good for one in .ie middle of a big Conference. Penelope believed that professional women should appreciate good food and well-chosen ·ines.

It was with a satisfactory sense of combining pleasure :h business that, four evenings later, she followed a ter into the small, dark, glittering room. The heavy nson curtains fell behind her, shutting her off from ity, and committees, and impersonal common sense.

The restaurant was like none that she had seen before. its walls and ceiling were encrusted with heavily gilded scrolls inlaid with mirrors of sombre glass through which she saw reflected the crimson of the carpet, the silvery gleam of linen and a hundred tall, fair, elegant Penelopes handing ur cloaks to a hundred bowing waiters; but all looked greenish and remote, as though below deep water.

It was early, and as she entered the twenty lamps on twenty little tables broke into blossoms of bronze light, like great chrysanthemums. The grand piano lay unopened, like a big jet jewel in a crimson case. Huge sprays of crimson gladioli spread from deep blue glass vases. At a small table two men sat drinking coffee. One was fat, young, uncouth, his blue eyes bulging from a face like a cod's. The other was Baraloff.

He saw her, and rising, came at once to greet her, kissing r hand again, and smiling with a welcome so transparently ncere that it disarmed her. Her shyness, her frigidity, :r distrust of foreigners and unknown experiences fled ·m her.

'But I knew that you would come," he said. "And y, too, so as to secure a good table. How wise you are."

She felt wise. She felt amused and sophisticated, as the waiters bowed her into a seat at a corner table, drawing curtains behind her, bringing the menus and wine list.

"You will try our Russian dishes, of course. Red cabbage soup with whipped cream, and caviare served with pancakes, yes? And then, I think, a salad. And the wines."

It was pleasant to lie back and let him take all the initiative. "He probably draws a commission from the food he orders," she reflected. "But why not let him, for once, poor thing?"

"That is a perfect dress. It makes you look like a princess."

Penelope smiled. It was a nice dress. She had chosen it with a view to its effect on platforms during evening meetings; but she realised now how well it became her fair skin and dignified serenity.

She was enjoying herself. The restaurant was filling and she was amused to notice the attention she attracted, with waiters bowing round her, and Baraloff's eager homage. She had become part of the famous "atmosphere" of the restaurant. It was a new and pleasant experience for her.

Then, almost before she heard Baraloff's apologies, he had left her and the music began.

The fish-like youth sat at the piano, his face flaccid no longer, but taut with energy. Behind him stood a violinist, but in front, leaning against the curve of the piano, Baraloff swayed on his toes, the accordion between his hands.

The trio sounded three long-drawn, melancholy chords, then suddenly broke into the wild rhythm and violence of a Russian dance.

Penelope had never seen anyone play the accordion like that before. In Baraloff's hands the little instrument became a living creature, expanding, contracting, sighing, shivering, crying aloud with yearning sorrow, and suddenly flickering into the impish humour of high, squealing tremoloes. And as though his face were part of the instrument he played he raised and lowered his eyebrows, frowned, grimaced, winked, smiled and sighed with the music.

The wild dance changed to a sugary waltz song, smeared with sentiment. Yet for once its extravagance did not offend Penelope.

"I'll see you again,
Whenever spring
breaks through
again."

The words formed and reformed in her mind, and though she knew that there was no one in the world whom she particularly wished to see when spring broke through again, the music convicted her of unfulfilled desires. It made her feel lonely and yet elated.

She found herself envying the accordion in Baraloff's hands, feeling that she could wish to be just such a passive instrument herself, played upon with a touch as delicate and assured.

The waltz ended. Baraloff stood beside her.

You like it? I played for you alone."

I did like it."

Then now you must eat. Waiter, another spoonful of viare for Madame—so! Into the centre of each pancake." The lights on the ceiling and tables died away, and only ?o glowing columns flanked the piano, framing it in dull inge light. A young man with a mandolin joined the yers, and again Penelope was swept out of her self-possession into a world that was darkly exciting, yet curiously miliar. The mournful monotony of the folk-song struck it her defences. In another minute she would know what her heart remembered. Baraloff came and stood before her table, the accordion moaning and crying between his hands, like a living thing, a wild, unhappy thing. She closed her eyes and felt on her cheeks a salty wind, and knew about her again the darkness of the Leas at Folkestone on a black, blustery night, and heard a boy's voice bidding her remember him—a boy who had kissed her and gone away, and died of wounds after the Somme Battle. She had been eighteen then—a child, a foolish child; but no man had ever kissed her in that way since.

"Sentimental music, rich food, shaded lights and wine," Penelope told herself. "What an old, old trap for the emotions."

Yet she felt glad that she had come, and sat through me after tune, through songs sung by a girl in a blue ress, through quartettes and duets and trios. She did not know how many times the waiter had filled her glass. She did not know how long she had sat there. She only knew that she was completely happy.

"So you enjoyed it, yes?"

The lights had gone up. The youth with the cod's face was closing the piano. Baraloff stood at her side, and the waiter was handing her a folded bill on a plate.

The bill was for 380 francs.

"Really," thought Penelope. "That is extortionate." But she did not care. She had enjoyed herself.

"You will let me see you home?"

"That's very kind of you. But why should you bother?"

He handed her into a taxi, and she felt constrained to tip the concierge beyond all reason.

She meant to tell Baraloff then about Schedule D, but instead he took her in his arms, and she made no protest, finding the position quite natural and most comfortable.

"My dear! My sweet! I shall remember this all my life."

"That's nice," she thought. "He does it very well."

"Why have we never met before? How did you come to me? You are so wonderful. All my life I've been waiting to fall in love with you."

"This taxi," Penelope thought, "is going a long way round. I suppose that the driver is used to scenes like this."

She let Baraloff kiss her all down the Rue de Rivoli.

"You will let me come in with you? You will let me love you?"

"Oh, no; dear me, no—I mean——"

She was pleased to find out how little shocked she was. Champagne or no champagne, she must be fundamentally broad-minded.

"And that you should care, too. That you should feel the same . . ." crooned Baraloff.

She remembered, with a shock, that after a certain hour the taxis of Paris registered double fares. She wished that she could remember when it was.

"When can we meet again? It must be soon, soon, soon. I can't live without you. The whole world's changed."

"Really," she thought, "if we don't reach the hotel soon, I shan't have enough money to pay the taxi." Yet part of her did not want the drive to end. "After all," she told herself, "this is very good for me. I probably don't get nearly enough of this sort of thing. All social and political secretaries ought to be kissed in taxis once a quarter. It would relax their complexes."

But at that moment the taxi drew up outside the familiar door of her hotel.

"Ah, let me come. You must let me come," he pleaded.

She was busy sorting out five-franc notes and calculating the tip.

"My darling! My sweet! My beautiful!"

"Well, good-night." She got out of the taxi and paid the driver. "And thank you *very* much for a perfectly splendid evening."

Bianca Patacci, who had been to the theatre, met her at the porter's desk.

"Well, did you have a nice time with your Russians?"

"Very nice, thank you. But the restaurant is terribly expensive. They ought to afford to pay their musicians better."

"The wind has blown your hair about. It does suit you. I have never seen you look so pretty."

"Yes," Penelope said, taking up her key. "It was windy."

She was very busy after that. The Conference continued daily. She had no time to deal with the Baraloffs. But on the last evening when she came in from the meeting she found Madame Baraloff waiting to see her. The woman's square face was haggard, her eyes inflamed. She had a violent cold in her head.

"I must see you. I know all about it," cried Madame Baraloff.

"You know all about what?" Penelope asked, thinking of Schedule D.

"I know he came to your hotel. He loves you. You can't deny it. Oh, my God!"

"Why, yes. He did bring me back home—but really——"

"He loves you. He told me so. Ah, what shall we do? My poor children. What will become of us?" The tears ran down her cheeks and splashed on to her moth-eaten collar. "He is your lover. He will go away with you. Oh, God! Oh, God! Why must you take him? You are young, rich, beautiful. You have everything, but he is all I have. And we are so poor, my God, so poor. And the children lack shoes."

The children's lack of shoes, Penelope thought, was really not her fault, seeing how much she had given Madame Baraloff at their last meeting.

The woman was quite absurd, pursuing her in this hysterical manner. The whole episode constituted a form of blackmail, a very clumsy and ineffective blackmail. Why, if she chose, she could call Bianca Patacci to witness that she had entered the hotel alone. She could explain that her whole motive in visiting Baraloff's restaurant was her desire to explain the possibilities of Schedule D. She could clear herself completely.

But why should she? Would not that be making too much of a demonstrable absurdity? Penelope looked with distaste at the woman sprawled across her chair. She knew what Russians were—violent, temperamental, and unreasonable. The great virtue of the English lay in knowing when their actions need not be explained.

"What you need," she said to the shaking, jerking figure, "is a good stiff dose of sal volatile," and she administered one, and bundled the woman out of the hotel, handing her quite on impulse at the last moment a thousand-franc note left over from her journey money.

"After all," she told herself, "I shan't need it. And I did enjoy his music. One must pay for one's pleasure. All that one needs in dealing with these people is to preserve a sense of proportion. Well, well, well!"

Next morning Penelope left Paris. Before returning to London she spent three weeks enjoying her holidays in Cornwall. It was more than a month after the Conference closed that she found time to call on her friend Allison.

"Well, my dear," she said, over tea and muffins. "I went to see your Baraloffs."

"Oh, did you? I thought as I hadn't heard—perhaps—but, my dear, when? How soon before? Was it an awful shock to you?"

"Before what? And what shock?"

"Why? Surely you heard?"

"Heard what? I've been in Cornwall."

"Oh, my dear. The most ghastly thing. He's killed her."

"Killed—who?"

"Alexander. He killed that woman he lived with—the one we thought was his wife."

"Alexander—killed—her?"

(*Continued on page 564*)

BY HYNES

THE YOUNG IDEA!

SMALL GIRL (on being smiled at broadly by elderly gentleman): "*Mummy, that man wants to pick me up*"

FILM NOTES

MORE ALL-BRITISH TALKIES

By Lionel Collier

BRITISH films are continually gaining ground and their technical qualities improving. The talkies have, contrary to general expectation, materially improved our position in the home market. I had looked forward, therefore, to Lupino Lane's full-length feature, "Never Trouble Trouble," but it cannot be regarded as anything other than disappointing. Here is a first-rate knockabout comedian with a flair for a comedy song, and his picture gives him no chances at all. His clowning is good, but its presentation is crude; he should have found a much better story, and also found someone to direct him. Very few artists are capable of both acting in and producing a picture.

FORTHCOMING British productions include "Captivation," from an original story by Edgar Middleton. It is interesting because it marks the only appearance of Conway Tearle in an English production; he has since returned to Hollywood. Other members of the cast include Betty Stockfield, who made such a success in "The City of Song." Then there is "The House of Unrest," a picture supervised by Sinclair Hill, who is one of the most experienced of British directors. The cast includes, Malcolm Keen, Dorothy Boyd, and Tom Helmore.

THE policy which advocates the use of stage artists in their original parts when a play is adapted to the screen is a very sound one. I see that in "Alibi," which is nearly completed at Twickenham, Diana Beaumont is playing her original stage rôle. The British screen is sadly in need of capable young artists, and such recruits to it as Miss Beaumont are very likely to add to its vitality and dramatic efficiency.

ABOUT fourteen years ago D. W. Griffith made a film, "The Birth of a Nation," which startled the world by its departure from the commonplace. To-day it has been reissued, and makes a most interesting study. It contains a lot that is purely spectacular, and this stands up even now to the latest films in its directorial skill. There are, for instance, scenes of the American Civil War and the formation of the Ku-Klux-Klan, which for sheer cinematic effect need a lot of beating. Its interior technique is distinctly weak and the acting leads one often to an unpremeditated laugh. I am informed that the addition of a

Diana in the clutches of the monster in "The House of Unrest," a P.D.C.-Stoll thriller, in which Dorothy Boyd and Malcolm Keen star

Dorothy Boyd in happier mood. This young English film star is the heroine in the picture mentioned above

Lupino Lane as Oliver, an unsuccessful artist, who, in a state of extreme exhilaration, awaits an expected legacy—only to discover he has been "cut off" with five pounds. A scene in Lupino Lane's latest comedy, "Never Trouble Trouble"

synchronised orchestral accompaniment had had the effect of speeding up the rate at which the film has to be projected, and consequently the artists' movements become jerky, but even allowing for this there is naïvety about their histrionics. Personally, I feel that "The Birth of a Nation" would be better without the canned orchestras and sound effects. So where are we going? I feel that a retrogression to pictorial sense would paradoxically be an advance.

THE cast includes many well-known names, some of which, like those of Harry B. Walthall, Raoul Walsh, George Siegmann, and Ralph Lewis, are still prominent, and several which now no one remembers, and at least one which is connected with tragedy—Wallace Reid, who died a victim of the drug habit. Incidentally, it was one of the first films to dispense with the conventional hero and heroine, and deal primarily with an historic theme. It even contains what the present-day intelligentsia are so fond of calling montage, and which they attribute to the development of Russian production.

One of the dramatic scenes from "Alibi," the screen version of the play, recently completed at the Twickenham studios. From left to right the artists are W. Earle Grey, Mercia Swinburne, Elizabeth Allen, Diana Beaumont, Mary Jerrold and Austin Trevor

From the same film. Austin Trevor, as Poiret the detective, plays a quiet game of snooker with two characters played by Mercia Swinburne and Diana Beaumont, just before the tragic climax

THIS is looking back a good way, but Harold Lloyd's latest picture, "Feet First," which is now having a run at the Plaza, also looks back. Its main effects are the same stunts as those which made "Safety Last" so successful—a mixture of comedy and thrill high ... on a skyscraper. To my mind Lloyd ... done well to return to his well-timed ... and faked thrills. They not only provide a wealth of laughter, but also ...dly make one grasp the arms of ...'s chair as the star perilously hangs to some flimsy window blind about ...rty stories above the street level. ...st as Chaplin would have done well to forget that he is a friend of Bernard Shaw, so is Harold Lloyd doing right in remembering what his earlier public expected of him. "Feet First" is first-rate entertainment, and because it is reminiscent it is all the more acceptable. He has ignored dialogue to a large extent and concentrated on action, but he has been clever enough to realise the "effect" that sound can give just the same.

In this he scores over Chaplin, who has not realised the increased scope of his cinematic medium. Perhaps in his next picture he will find the happy medium.

"Captivation" is the name of the new film in which Betty Stockfeld, who recently made a big success in "City of Song," and Conway Tearle will be seen shortly. It is taken from the story by Edgar Middleton and is laid in the South of France; it contains some charming scenes of Lady Yule's yacht, which she lent for the occasion

A VENETIAN PLAY at the LITTLE THEATRE

Francesco de' Medici (Wilfrid Walter), Bianca Cappello (Margaret Rawlings) and the Cardinal Ferdinando de' Medici (Alaistair Sim) discuss a bottle of wine and affairs of State in a scene from "The Venetian"

Francesco de' Medici woos the ruthless Bianca Cappello in another scene from "The Venetian." The author, Clifford Bax, does much to whitewash the character of Bianca in this play, which affords a most interesting study of life as lived in the Renaissance, whilst the use of modern dialogue is a pleasant change to the "out-on-ye-scurvy-knave" type of lines, which only too often mar costume plays

Stage Photo Co.

PARIS GOSSIP

PARISIANS AT PLAY

By Sylvia Lyon

THE Senate's voting to reopen the Casino at Enghien-les-Bains is pouring banana oil on troubled waters. There is nothing like giving citizens a chance to break the bank somewhere north of Monte Carlo to make them forget that banks are closing all over Paris, with no discrimination as to nationality, including the Brazilian. The Casino at Enghien has been closed since 1920, and its reopening will be the resurrection of another day, for being only thirty minutes by motor car from Paris people will be going out there after theatre. Entrance to the baccarat rooms will cost five hundred francs, so nobody can say that the poor working man will be inveigled into gambling, although I am sure there is nobody left in the world to-day who admits the existence of something he cannot afford.

THE law prohibiting open gambling within a hundred kilometres of Paris has now been abrogated, and there is talk of opening a brand-new municipal casino.

Of course, you know that there is no open gambling in Paris, the law having been so rigidly enforced that there are only two hundred known cercles ouverts in town that couldn't be more open if they were established in the middle of the Place de la Concorde.

The opening of a municipal casino will solve a great social, domestic and humanitarian problem. During the rush season for visitors hundreds of hollow-eyed husbands are left to their own resources while their wives are busy with dress-fittings. Being assured that Paris is filled with dangers, and that a visit to a museum is a sign of unmanliness, the poor husbands wander about all the afternoon. I am overjoyed at the thought of the new casinos, as during the season whenever a married woman doesn't know what to do with her husband she asks a friend who knows Paris well to take him out, and the friend is usually myself.

The municipal council advocates a casino, claiming that the taxes on gambling receipts can be devoted to improving the public hospitals. This viewpoint astonished me as I didn't believe the municipality knew that public hospitals existed.

A FRENCH naval officer recently came to Paris after an absence of ten years. The officer, though in uniform, made straight for a building in the Rue Git-le-Cœur that at one time had a distinguished reputation for one thing and another. . . . He ran up the stairs and rang the bell on the second, or as the French insist on calling it, first floor. The door opened, and to his horror the naval officer saw confronting him nothing less than a French Admiral, who saluted him joyously. The lesser officer gasped, paled, and scuttled down the stairs, wondering what was going to happen to the French Navy, including himself. But his wonderment was nothing compared with that of the Admiral he had left on the landing, for on the stairs of what is now a very smart apartment building, standing aghast and with hurt feelings, was Elsa Maxwell, all dressed up as an admiral to attend a costume ball.

"The Senate, in the person of M. Doumer, presents a little gift to Enghien"

Chevojon

One of the features of the Colonial Exhibition opening in Paris in May will be an exact reproduction of the temple of Ankhor-Vaht, in French Indo-China, the main entrance of which is seen above. It has been erected under the supervision of M. Blanche, the well-known architect

The Honourable Mrs. George Keppel was the guest of honour at a party Elsa Maxwell gave the other evening at the Ritz. Others there were Sir John and Lady Milbanke, Lady Castlerosse, the Honourable Ivor Guest, Mrs. James Corrigan, the Grand Duke Dmitri, and Princess Illyinska and Sir Charles Mendl.

LADY MENDL has been in Germany for a few days and expects Charlie Chaplin to be her guest while in Paris. By the way, the most ardent French patriots, such as Serge Lifar, the ballet master of the Opera, who is, of course, a Russian, and very popular in Society, thinks it was most undiplomatic of Chaplin to have gone to Berlin before coming to Paris. However, to return to Chaplin's hypothetical hostess; as at the Villa Trianon, her house at Versailles, the flat in the Avenue d'Iena, in the building that was once the residence of Prince Roland Bonaparte, the feature of the house is the bathroom Of course, there are other

Planet News

The Infanta Marie Cristina, daughter of the King and Queen of Spain, giving alms to an ex-serviceman during a visit she paid to the poorer quarters of Santander

bathrooms, but perhaps this particular one will be loaned to Chaplin as a reception room, for that is where Lady Mendl receives her friends. Modest searchlights throw their rays upon the invitations inserted in the mirror of the dressing-table, while real live orchids in exquisite vases stand on little glass shelves framing the huge mirror that backs the tub. Another original note is the framed typewritten list of Lady Mendl's wardrobe. The colour, purpose, and name of the dressmaker are clearly indicated; the only item lacking is the price, but I suppose that nobody would want to be reminded of such a thing.

THE Vicomte de Guell is in Paris, his delightful memoirs, "D'Alphonse XII à Tut-Ank-Ammon," having just appeared, with the French edition dedicated to the Princesse Bibesco. Guell is staying at the Ritz, which is a danger to the community. It is bad enough during his usual sojourns in Paris when he stops at the Travellers' and only lunches or dines at the Ritz, but when he stays there the hotel is in an uproar. Of course, when Guell emerges from the Travellers' or the Cercle de l'Union, people may stare at him and say: "Why, there is the King of England," but when he lives at the Ritz it is terrible. Of course, permanent residents are accustomed to him, but the average British visitor to Paris looks as though he were about to burst into the National Anthem.

THE Vicomte appeared at the Quirinal Restaurant in the Rue Marbeuf with a weary air the other evening, which is rare for him. The reason was this: Two evenings previous he had dined there before going to the theatre, and as the Quirinal is now the most popular neighbourhood restaurant in Paris, directly opposite the Palm Beach Golf Club (miniature), Guell found himself the only diner in evening dress. Two days later, after leaving a small tea-party at the Princesse Marthe Bibesco's, he was about to make a few leisurely seven o'clock in the afternoon calls when he learned that the King of Spain was arriving in Paris. As Guell is Chamberlain to his Majesty, he had to rush back to the Ritz for his top-hat, go to the railway station to meet the King, then go back to this hotel to change hats again. Guell has created his own tradition of tradition and sometimes finds it difficult to live up to.

Keystone

A Royal engagement in Paris. Princesse Isabelle d'Orleans-Bragance, daughter of the Duchesse de Guise (seen centre), receiving congratulations at the reception given after her engagement to the Comte de Paris. On the left are Prince and Princesse d'Orleans

Miss Elsa Maxwell as herself and not in the uniform of an Admiral, in which guise she attended a fancy-dress ball

KEES VAN DONGEN is painting a portrait of the Comtesse de Noailles, and the other day, during a sitting, La Comtesse Nationale asked how the picture was progressing. Van Dongen glanced at the picture, then at the long-eyed poet (who is too great to be called a poetess) and said: "Excellently. You are now beginning to resemble the portrait." But Anna, as she is called intimately by hundreds of people who do not know her, can make anybody say anything, and is capable of saying anything about herself. The other night at a dinner at her house, while discussing heredity, she quite earnestly said: "I do not believe in heredity. My son (Anne-Jules by name) so far has shown not a trace of my genius." S. L.

PUBLIC SCHOOL SPORTS: Bedford Beats Lancing

F. R. Webster (Bedford), clearing 10ft. 3in. to win the Pole Vault. This beat the previous Public Schools record, which stood at 10ft.

J. S. Moll, the Bedford first string in the Long Jump winning this event with a jump of 19ft. 9in. Bedford scored a runaway victory over their opponents in their annual athletic encounter when Lancing visited them last week

Photographs Sport and General

C. W. Pearson winning the 480 yards Hurdles Relay for Bedford. Both teams had four representatives, who each covered 120 yards. Relay races, which have been popular in America for some years, are coming more into favour in this country, and in many schools are considered invaluable for improving team work in general

Changing over at the end of the half-mile, the first part of the Three Mile Medley Relay. On the left, the Bedford pair, A. Leslie and C. K. M. Harper, are changing over, as are the Lancing pair seen on the right, F. J. P. Gore and P. S. Fuller. Lancing having gained the lead at the start held it to the end and finally won the event quite comfortably

AT THE PLAY

VERY, VERY

For the benefit of the chicks who may not know the story of "Hamlet," our artist here tells the salient features of the pretty tale in pictures. Hamlet (Godfrey Tearle), the hero, returns to find poppa dead and buried and his wicked uncle (Malcolm Keen) married to the Queen (Irene Vanbrugh), his mother

"Naughty Cinderella," at the Comedy Theatre

A NOVELIST in love with a married woman wishes to visit the Lido at the same time as she, but her husband has his suspicions. How, then, are lover and wife to meet without these suspicions being strengthened?

A FRIEND of the novelist weighs in with a brilliant idea. Let the latter hire a young woman to go with him, ostensibly as his mistress, and then, under cover of this camouflage, the lover can sport with Amarylis—whose real name is Claire—on the plage, or in even less public places.

THE young woman, who will thus act as a sort of decoy, is found in an out-of-work actress whose forte is in the delineation of cocottes on the stage. She nearly misses the job by being herself at the first interview with the novelist, but rises to the occasion and acts the part of a prostitute with such verve and abandon that she is forthwith engaged on the strict understanding that she must not practise her supposed profession on her employer.

ANYBODY with a knowledge of the theatre will at once guess the almost inevitable end, and no surprise is vouchsafed to the audience by the French authors of *Naughty Cinderella*, René Peter and Henry Falk, nor by the English adapter, Avery Hopwood. And the stalking-horse being merely a chaste actress playing a part and not the genuine article, there is no cause or just impediment why novelist and actress should not be joined together in the bonds of holy matrimony. At least, only one, and that is that in so raffish a play the very idea of marriage seems entirely out of place!

BECAUSE the plot is what it is, there was really no reason why the dialogue should have been so full of suggestion—or so devoid of wit. It may be that I have a dirty mind, and that the authors' intentions were pure as the driven snow, but in addition to possessing a mind which may see indelicacy where none exists I have also a cynical one, and I cannot believe that the author did not want me to cross the T's and dot the I's of his dialogue.

I WILL give one quotation to make my meaning clear. The heroine, in order to excite jealousy in the novelist, remarks that in company with a young man "we are going to float in a gondola. Maybe we do more than float—in the gondola." Now, I ask the adapter, does he intend the audience to understand that the pair when in the gondola will sing duets, play cat's cradle, or discuss the progress of Ethical thought at Oxford? Of course he does not.

Hamlet becomes suspicious and thinks poppa was murdered, and—

—his fears are confirmed by the ghost of poppa

The horror of his progenitor being put "on the spot" unhinges his mind, a fact noticed by Guildenstern (Patrick Waddington) and Rosencrantz (Henry Hewitt)

THIS sort of suggestiveness doesn't shock me in the least. I doubt if I could be shocked, and, to be fair, others in the audience were not, and seemed to revel in this sort of veiled impropriety, but I appeared more alone in regretting that this sort of stuff was written so heavy-handedly.

FRENCH FARCE

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "HAMLET," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

Hamlet now "bumps off" Ophelia's father, Polonius (Herbert Waring), by accident, and—

EVEN the few lines which were not suggestive were singularly inept. Just one more quotation to illustrate a point which the dialogue itself did not possess. Says the actress to the novelist: "You are the flame and I am the poor moth." A retort is required, and "Oh, go to the devil!" is the best the adapter can do!

BUT though I was disappointed in the play, I was far from disappointed in the performance of Olga Lindo as the actress. It is true that the part is a showy one, for it gives every opportunity for running the whole gamut of the emotions. In fact, it seems to me that the leading lady was given everything to do but depict madness (Ophelia), legal eloquence (Portia), and a rich, juicy stabbing, as inflicted by La Tosca on the bold, bad Baron Scarpia.

OLGA LINDO, quite rightly, threw subtlety, which would have been quite out of place, to the winds. She attacked the part and played it for all it was worth, and if only for the sake of seeing more of her versatility I wish chunks of Ophelia, Portia, and Tosca *had* been included in the menu of the character.

TWO other clever performances must be mentioned. A French servant of a farcical type was occasionally lifted into the key of comedy by Albert Brouett, while a silly-ass sort of fellow was given an individuality of his own by Reginald Gardiner, who plays this hackneyed rôle better than any actor at present on the stage. I have only one criticism to make of his performance. He really should not shake a bottle of champagne before pouring out the wine. I know he wanted to make it pop, but nevertheless——!

—overwhelmed by the news Ophelia (Fay Compton), breeds bats in the belfry, and—

"Hamlet" and Other Matters

H. H. HARRIS has been to the Haymarket, and the fruits of his visit appear on these pages. I suggest to those of my readers who have not yet seen this revival of *Hamlet* that it really deserves the tribute paid to it by a lady sitting behind me, who remarked to a friend: "Really, you know, this is quite a good play." Really, you know, it *is*, though the last scene of all can hardly be said to show Shakespeare at his best. It is a cheap way out of a difficulty to kill off all the principal characters! As for the acting, it is a treat to see and hear the way in which this all-star company handle the tragedy, and the reason why there is so good a performance is that the players forget that they are all stars and make team work tell.

AND now for a word on a matter which vitally affects the theatre. If rumour is to be believed, the Government propose to make Sunday evening performances legal. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and to allow cinemas to open while forbidding theatres to do so would be grossly unfair. Actors and actresses have no rooted objection to playing on Sunday provided they are not compelled to play for seven nights a week, while for touring companies travelling on a week-day, when the railway service is infinitely better, would be a boon and a blessing. Sunday opening would do much to restore prosperity to the theatre. To give an undue preference to the biggest rival of the theatre—the cinema—would be an absolute scandal.

V. W.

—the curtain descends on Hamlet, having lost his father, mother and fiancée (careless fellow), putting nearly all the rest of the characters "on the spot" before making his own untimely exit in a play with a last act which has every Yankee crook drama beaten to a frazzle

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

PITY THE POOR VICTORIANS! By "Junius"

WHY do they go on flogging the poor old Victorians? Mr. Lytton Strachey, with a profound ignorance of the period, started the fashion. He took no trouble to enquire into pre-Victorian social history. Mr. Osbert Sitwell, despite the "would not an' I could" of his preface to *Victoriana: a Symposium of Victorian Wisdom*, by Margaret Barton and Osbert Sitwell (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*), has followed in Mr. Strachey's footsteps.

The preface; the extracts from political speeches, from letters to *The Times*, and from Queen Victoria's letters, are in effect destructive criticism, and bitter, ignorant criticism. Why should the Stracheys, the Sitwells and their imitators fix on the Victorian period as a sort of grinding stone for their dénigrement, and sometimes deliberate malice? Why not go back to the times of the Georges, Queen Anne, or even Queen Elizabeth, and hold up to ridicule their modes of thought and conduct of life? What is the difference? Each generation has passed, and each has had its effect on the moulding of the nation. So why thrust all their misplaced wit and ignorance on the Victorian period?

Mr. Osbert Sitwell, with subtle and amazing cleverness, jeers at the Victorians, which is ungrateful of him, for it was they who brought in bathrooms, sanitation, the telephone and electric light. According to modern ideas they may have been dull and stuffy, but they left England vastly more prosperous than they found it, which can scarcely be said of their detractors.

Max Beerbohm has done a frontispiece for the book—a procession of bearded, semi-bearded, bald, and hairy-headed men passing Mr. Osbert Sitwell. Max at his best. The legend in the well-known writing is, "Is it a purblind prank, O think you Friend with the musing eye who watches us stepping by?"

When we have all been comfortably in our graves for a hundred years perhaps some literary-souled maiden may come across this book in a public library, preserved because of Max's frontispiece. With our own eyes we see fashions change with startling rapidity, so may it not be possible that this maiden should say to her mother, "Mummy, isn't it odd, Mr. Sitwell is covered all over with those things you told me used to be called clothes?"

Howard and Joan Coster

MISS MARY GRIGS

The author of "The Almond Tree" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) which is discussed in the accompanying article

MARY GRIGS' new book, *The Almond Tree* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), will find many readers because of the charm, sometimes beauty, with which it is written. You grow so interested in the two central characters, Robert Grinling, the artist, and his wife, Alice, that you wish you could leave them with a happier future before them. A writer of less restraint would have ended on a note of full reconciliation and understanding, but Miss Grigs lets her characters work out their own destiny, which so far as Robert is concerned was inevitable, seeing he was possessed by a "loneliness he had never been able to outrun." You may call it if you like a study in the artistic temperament, but all the characters are finely sketched. This novel will increase the reputation as a writer of unusual constructional ability and observer of human nature which Miss Grigs achieved with her first novel, *Bid Her Awake*.

MR. HENRY WILLIAM MOLLENTRAVE, dying, left Mr. Alfred Sutro his literary executor, and amongst a mass of documents—as imaginary, of course, as Mr. Mollentrave himself—he found eleven histories of women which he has called *About Women* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*). These histories were confidences to Mr. Mollentrave, confidences which women usually do not make to men about their sex-relationships. They are very clever because they are eleven different studies in female psychology, and to present eleven different women swayed by the same impulse, yet each retaining her personality, is no light effort. The subject may become a trifle monotonous, but the women, never. I like "Kitty" the best of the eleven. At the end are six pages of "Mollentraves," from which I cull these: "Some women never grow old; their daughters regret it." "There are heroines who fly to Australia; others who bring up large families on insufficient incomes."

BEFORE he started breaking speed records Sir Malcolm Campbell indulged at least on one occasion in treasure hunting. His description in *My Greatest Adventure* (Butterworth: 6*s.*) of the search for pirate treasure on Cocos Island is so thrilling and exciting that one wishes he and his companions had found at least some of the twelve millions buried there about 1821 by Captain Thompson, a Scottish merchant captain who had turned pirate. He took on board his ship all the notables of Lima, together with the city treasure, when Bolivar was about to attack the city. The sight of the treasure was "too much for Captain Thompson." He promptly murdered all the notables and headed his ship for Cocos. There he hid the treasure. How Sir Malcolm came upon the clues reads like a

MR. OSBERT SITWELL *Hay Wrightson*

Who, with Miss Margaret Barton, has compiled "Victoriana: A Symposium of Victorian Wisdom" (Duckworth: 7s. 6d.) reviewed on this page

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 562)

MISS MOYRA CHARLTON

The little daughter of Brigadier-General C. G. Charlton. Her book "Tally Ho!" which has run into four editions in this country, has now been published in America by Messrs. Putnam

romance, but it only shows how true romances sometimes are. The story is vigorously told and full of colour. It may have a sequel as, despite his disappointment, the author is still convinced the treasure is hidden on Cocos and is now engaged in fitting out another expedition.

MISS URSULA BLOOM has chosen a large canvas for her latest novel *Fruit on the Bough* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*) —pre-War and post-War England. The story is unusual, that of a brother and sister passionately attached to one another, although the stronger feeling is on the sister's side. The two characters are strongly contrasted, Jill having a direct outlook on life and a strong personality; the brother Twit is a dreamer of futile dreams and of no personality. Naturally, he is dominated by the sister, a domination from which he tries to escape. Jill makes a mistake over one man, and is in sight of losing happiness with another when an old diary of her mother's elucidates her actual relationship to Twit. Miss Bloom fills her canvas with many figures, all of them closely observed, especially the modern young man.

I SUPPOSE young women nowadays do talk with astonishing frankness, but no wonder Jenny Marlowe, aged eighteen, the heroine of *Sweet Virgin*, by Jane Lindsay (Butterworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*), shocks her mother. This is undoubtedly a clever study of a certain type of modern girl, but personally I find the lovers' quarrels after the engagement too drawn out, and described at too great a length. We are told that the book is a study of the difficulties of a long engagement from the point of view of girls such as Jenny, and I daresay there are many people to whom her "fallings-out" and "fallings-in" with her Richard will be of absorbing interest.

YOU KNOW WHAT RUSSIANS ARE!
(continued from page 552)

"OH, it's the most dreadful story. He'd lived with her for years, it seems. And they were quite devoted in a way. She's been his landlady or something—and there were four children. And then quite recently he fell in love with some young Englishwoman he met in Paris. He used to go to her hotel after his performance in the restaurant. His mistress—Marie—discovered it, and went and tried to blackmail the other woman. And Alexander found out, and was perfectly furious. She accused him of being this woman's lover, and said that the woman had not denied it. He called her a blackmailer. You know what Russians are—and before he knew what he was doing he'd strangled her."

"Oh—no!"

"When he found out what he'd done he went quite frantic and then stabbed himself. He was lying when the police found him, but he told some kind of tale. It's too terrible. And the poor children. Apparently they saw everything. Fortunately, your society is looking after them. That's why I felt sure you'd hear all about it."

"No—no."

"I can't bear to think of it. The brother of my darling Nicholas a murderer! Why — Penelope — you aren't going to faint, are you?"

But Penelope, who could not bear to think of herself as a murderess, had already fainted. W. H.

"During the last four months, the Rolls-Royce has completed 8,300 miles, most of it on very indifferent roads. There has been no trouble and she has given complete satisfaction. Her excellent springing and complete road worthiness enable trips of 200-300 miles to be undertaken without strain or fatigue to the driver. The whole mileage has been done in the Punjab and North West Frontier Provinces; the road service in the former being particularly poor and of a nature to test the springs of any car.
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FLYING NOTES

THE "GO-GETTER"

A Lockheed "Vega," which cruises at 150 m.p.h., used by the Anglo-American Oil Co. for aviation sales and service in the U.S.A.

GLIDING PROGRESS

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Troop Carriers

FOR the sixth year in succession the R.A.F. has carried out a successful return flight from Cairo to Cape Town as part of Service exercises. On each occasion the engines used for the flight have been the well-known Napier Lion, but this year the machines have been large twin-engined Vickers troop-carriers, and much useful experience has been gained which will be of value also to Imperial Airways when completing the southern section of their route to the Cape. A large number of native African troops had their first experience of air travel, being carried from one garrison town to the next. The Vickers Victoria is the same machine which was used with such success in evacuating the inhabitants of Kabul, when more than 600 civilians were saved from bombardment without mishap. Talking of rescue work, Herr Udet, the famous German pilot, who did such marvellous flying in the film, "White Hell of Pitz Palu," had a forced landing in the Sudan recently, and was very lucky to be spotted from the air by Captain Campbell Black flying his Puss Moth to Kenya. The Sudd country of the Sudan is one of the most desolate areas in the world, and, in fact, Udet was very weak from lack of food and the effects of the sun when picked up.

Hotel Travels by Air

THIS is neither a misprint nor an attempt at humour—merely an illustration that aeroplanes can carry anything which is not too large for stowing in the cabin or too bulky to be strapped outside. Naturally, the hotel in question travelled in sections, the location being some gold mines about seventy miles inland from the coast of New Guinea. Before air transport was instituted this short journey took from ten to fourteen days on foot through swamps and over mountain ranges. The cost of air-borne freight, such as the hotel, mining machinery, food and medical stores is less than half that formerly paid for transport by native bearers.

Where Air Lines Pay

THERE are many similar instances where the tremendous saving in time makes air transport not only possible without a subsidy, but an obvious measure of economy. In Colombia the air line operated by "Scadta" from Baranquilla to Bogota has made a commercial profit for some years, simply because it covers in two or three days a distance which still occupies weeks of travel by river boat and mule. Similarly, in the Canadian North West and in Alaska the regular postman is the air mail pilot, and passengers travel willingly at so much per pound with a bag of mails for a seat, preferring a short period of comparative discomfort to weeks by canoe in summer, when the heat is intense, or on skis, sledge or snowshoes in the bitterly cold winter.

Novices Make Best Gliding Pilots

THE London Club, which started its career with a capital of £2, has achieved a balance at the bank, and several gliders are operated with great success at Turveys Farm, near Dunstable. When inquiring the way to the scene of operations from local rustics after passing St. Albans, be sure to pronounce the word as "gloiding." The very regrettable accident at Harpenden on March 8, when Mr. T. E. Lander was killed, cannot in any way reflect adversely on gliding, it being the method of launching which was wrong. Mr. Lowe-Wylde has already demonmonstrated a safe method of power launching from the flat, and some hundreds of successful flights have been made in this way by novices as well as experienced pilots. By way of encouragement to the novice, I hear on good authority that people who have never flown power-driven machines make the best soaring pilots. This is, of course, a very sweeping statement, and there are exceptions to the rule, but there is no reason why someone quite unknown should not carry off some of the substantial prizes at present on the shelf. Skill in gliding and soaring is quite definitely not a preserve of crack pilots in other branches of aviation. I must apologise to the *Sailplane*, the editor of which so kindly lent us the cloud picture published last week, for misprinting the name as the *Seaplane*. This excellent little paper has become the recognised bulletin for weekly club notes and notices, and should be indispensable to every gliding enthusiast.

The first Air Mail letter to reach "The Bystander" from Kenya by Imperial Airways' weekly service, which covers nearly 6,000 miles in seven days.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *Photographs* *By Lenare*

HATS FOR IN AND OUT OF TOWN

It is line that counts in the world of millinery to-day. It is the salient feature of these models, which owe their origin to those well-known hatters, Scotts, Old Bond Street, W. The one on the right is of natural Baku, trimmed with black ribbon. The bandeau is becomingly arranged; it lifts the brim from the forehead. The model above is of light weight fur felt, and is as appropriate for riding as for sports wear in general

A NEW PROBLEM AND CUIRASS CORSAGES

A turban beret like this one is really needed by a well-dressed woman. It comes from H. J. Nicoll and is carried out in black petersham ribbon, its charm increased by two white flowers

Shady hats are extremely flattering, especially when the hair is arranged in bandeau form across the forehead. This one is sponsored by H. J. Nicoll, and is of coarse blue and white straw, the crown gartered with blue ribbon

Troubles Ahead

A NOTABLE creator of modes has declared that there are troubles ahead for husbands, inasmuch as the new evening dresses are extremely difficult to arrange. There will be no more slipping over the head and then finding that all is well. There are draperies that need fastening, hooks and eyes will have their missions to perform; the husband's aid will be sought in order that these things may be accomplished, as many of them appear at the back. An English dressmaker states that she is endeavouring to find a way out of this trouble as she is convinced that otherwise husbands will rebel; she has already engaged extra dressers for the mannequins.

Merely a Hook

A LOVELY evening dress illustrates the difficulties of adjustment. It is carried out in black chiffon, the corsage is of the cross-over character and one end has to be attached to the centre of the back with a hook and eye; the wearer cannot find them; outside aid has to be sought. The other portion, with a bow at the end, has to cross it, and is arranged at the back of the left hip with a patent fastener. The cüirass, an important feature of some evening dresses, must be fastened under the arm—the wearer cannot do it. A cuirass was present in an evening dress of black matt satin, the décolletage was draped with chiffon, and the lower portion of the skirt was of chiffon arranged in sculptured folds.

The Return of the Muff

SINCE pockets died a natural death evening bags have never encountered a serious rival. Now they are confronted with muffs which match the dress and the petticoat. The latter is in a contrasting colour to the dress, therefore two colours are present in the muff. Imagine a black faille dress with a red muff.

Undeniably smart and remarkably simple is this tailor-made. It was designed and carried out by Studd and Millington. It is of grey and black tweed, the coat is double-breasted, and the skirt panelled with two pleats on either side

Quite the Smartest Thing

A WELL-KNOWN authority on dress recently declared that quite the smartest thing this season was a tailor-made, and that for country wear it should be of tweed and for town of blue suiting. Of course, there are many variations on these themes. For instance, the skirt may be expressed in a blue and white shepherd's plaid, and the short coat in blue, or the reverse may be the case. Naturally, black is regarded as ultra-smart. An attempt is being made to create a vogue for large black and white plaid tailor suits, which may or may not be trimmed with leather. However, all who wish to know about the newest ideas in this respect must visit Studd and Millingtons, Conduit Street or Chancery Lane. To them must be given the credit for the model pictured on this page. It is carried out in Cumberland tweed, and is a pleasing study in grey and black. The coat is double-breasted and the skirt is panelled with two pleats at either side. It is not only in suits that this firm excels but in wrap coats for all occasions; the prices that prevail are exceptionally moderate.

New Notes in Headgear

THERE is always something different to be found in the domain of millinery at H. J. Nicoll's, 120, Regent Street, W. The neat turban-beret on the left of this page is expressed in black silk petersham ribbon. Note the attractive way in which two white flowers are introduced at the back. Of it one may become the possessor for 3½ guineas. The model on the right is, of course, blue and white straw, and is pleasantly priced at 37*s.* 6*d.* As there are many who have to consider pounds, shillings and pence carefully, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there are fur felt hats as well as straw hats from 12*s.* 11*d.*

EXCLUSIVE MODEL NIGHTDRESS IN CREPE-DE-CHINE TRIMMED LACE

LA GRANDE MAISON DE BLANC DE PARIS

133 NEW BOND ST.,
PHONE: MAYFAIR 2388.

RE-OPENS AFTER ALTERATIONS

SPECIAL LINES IN
SPORTS JUMPERS
LINGERIE & DESHABILLES
WOOL & SILK UNDERWEAR
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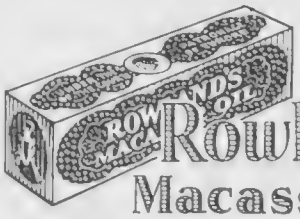
HANDKERCHIEFS, SCARVES
BABY WEAR
BED & HOUSEHOLD LINEN

Silky smooth hair

The soft, silky feeling is part of the beauty of healthy hair. The glorious, radiant lustre is another part. To make your hair healthy and lovely you must give it nourishment. The richest, purest food is Rowland's Macassar Oil, famous for 138 years as the hair's most perfect beautifier. Rub a few drops well into the roots of your hair every day—give it health—give it beauty.



Of Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers—3/6, 7/-, and 10/6. Red for dark hair, golden for fair hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

J.H.&Co.

A. ROWLAND & SONS, Ltd., 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1.

GET the "Filtrate" REGD. HABIT

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Inexpensive Dresses

(First Floor)

246. A smart Walking Frock of Tweed, finished with piqué at neck and cuffs. In a variety of colours, including blue, green, red, brown and black. Hip measurements: 38, 40, 42 and 44 ins. 49/-

Catalogue of SPRING FASHIONS on request.

PETER ROBINSON, Ltd., Oxford St. & Regent St., W.1.

MOTOR NOTES

SPRING-CLEAN THE CAR

By E. M. Wright

The famous Singer Six seen in sylvan surroundings. A note concerning a recent journey in this car, which sells at £280, will be found on page iv

Sir Malcolm Campbell at the Star Motor Company's works at Wolverhampton, when he took delivery of a Star Comet Coupé

THE Easter holidays are only a week ahead. Now is the time to prepare the car for the tour or jaunts that have been planned for the first, and perhaps the best, of all our shorter holidays. Trouble-free motoring involves taking a little trouble beforehand to see that everything is in good working trim. Odd hours spent in the garage before setting out may save long delays on the road. With each new season's models makers have lightened the work of maintenance till now it is, comparatively speaking, child's play to keep an ordinary car in first-class running order. But, unfortunately, the less the owner-driver has to do the less he does!

***

SUCH jobs as decarbonising, adjusting tappets, etc., are seldom nowadays attended to at home, but the fact that they are left to qualified mechanics and involve nothing more than delivering the car at one's local garage is all the more reason why they should be done in due season. There are, on the other hand, many jobs which the conscientious owner-driver can do himself quite as efficiently as the garage mechanic, and with the holiday season almost upon him he should at once bestir himself and see that these jobs are faithfully performed.

***

NOW that winter is—we hope—at an end, efficient cooling once more becomes of paramount importance, especially if motorists intend touring in hilly districts. A spring clean of the radiation system will not come amiss. Water causes internal rust and corrosion, and this should be removed by means of a radiator cleanser. One of the many advantages of mixing something with the water to stop it freezing is that this prevents rust forming. Another advantage which is not generally known is that some of these anti-frost mixtures not only prevent freezing in winter, but also raise the boiling point, and thus save loss of water on hot summer runs. It is, therefore, a definite advantage to leave these mixtures in the radiator during the summer. Nothing is gained by drawing them off and filling up with pure water.

***

OWNER-DRIVERS are always apt to put off the rather messy job of draining the old oil from the crank case. At no time, however, is it more necessary than at the end of the winter. Starting up an icy cold engine morning after morning inevitably results in an appreciable quantity of unburnt petrol draining into the sump. The oil supply is thus badly adulterated and weakened and should be replaced with fresh, particularly as many cars are run on a heavier grade of oil during warm weather. It is a very sound plan, too, when draining the sump, to flush out the interior of the engine before filling up with fresh lubricant. I would strongly advise those owner-drivers who intend doing the job themselves to use one of the special flushing oils that are now on the market. Various foreign brands of this kind of oil are available in bulk, but one British manufacturer sells it in handy-sized tins specially got up for the use of owner-drivers. Paraffin should *not* be used, for it clogs the oilways and actually rusts the interior parts.

***

ANOTHER attention which will be amply rewarded is the tracking down and curing of spring and body squeaks. Special oil for the purpose, called "penetrating lubricant," can be bought in pint tins for 2*s*. 6*d*.. Springs should be painted or smeared over with this lubricant, which will find its way between the leaves, remove spring squeaks, and allow of more comfortable riding. There could be no better instance, by the way, of how one can save money by doing jobs of this kind oneself than this matter of attending to the springs. They ought to be lubricated every six or eight weeks. A pint tin, costing only half a crown, lasts for about three years. If one hands the work over to a garage it will cost, roughly, 3*s*. a time!

***

SUNNY spring days reveal blemishes in the paintwork, but energetic owner-drivers with an afternoon to spare can brighten up their cars till they look almost like new. Cracks and chips in the paintwork should be cleaned and sandpapered, and then touched up with enamel, or, better still, with spraying cellulose, for which handy little "home" outfits are available at a comparatively low cost. The roof of a saloon or the hood of a touring car will be all the better for a coat of special hood paint. In the case of a touring car such attention is specially to be recommended, since the hood is more likely to crack when folded on a summer tour than when it is raised. A few hours' work on the lines I have suggested now, and at regular intervals afterwards, will not only greatly enhance the looks of the car, but will also add years to its life. Above all, a canny owner-driver

(*Continued on page* iv)

TRAVEL WITH ECONOMY

The Mark of Quality

THE FIRESTONE PROCESS OF GUM-DIPPING REDUCES FRICTION AND HEAT . . . THE ENEMIES OF TYRE MILEAGE . . . THE DEEP RUGGED TREAD ENSURES NON-SKID ROAD GRIP. THESE TWO REASONS GUARANTEE HIGH MILEAGE WITH SAFETY AND ECONOMY.

Firestone

'MOST MILES PER SHILLING'

Firestone Tyres Made in England on the Great West Road nr. London

Service Advertising

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

who does not mind soiling his hands on occasion can save pounds in his upkeep bill.

IN THE NEWS

On the Road with a Singer

"To come over the Hog's Back with three passengers and heavy kit at 55 m.p.h., driving steadily and without the throttle being fully opened up, is a pretty good performance," writes the Editor, "for this is what I did the other day in a Singer Light Six saloon, and, moreover, the roads were cloggy, for it had just been snowing heavily. The same car was driven by me from Brighton at night on a clear road, mostly with the speedometer at 65 m.p.h. The car holds the road magnificently, either on the straight or when rounding corners, the steering being rock steady and with no suspicion of backlash. She was as comfortable for passengers, in the back, as any super car, and possibly better, the springing being delightful. I kept a careful toll of the consumption of petrol and oil after a week-end's run of about 500 miles. Allowing for traffic in London and other towns my record is nearly 26 miles per gallon, and as for oil, none was needed, for the oil gauge remained at the same figure at the termination as at the commencement. The price of this car, £280, complete with additional wheel and sunshine roof, is nothing short of miraculous. It is better than many cars costing over £500 a year ago, and in addition is very economical to run in petrol, oil and tyres."

Motor-Boat Demonstration Week

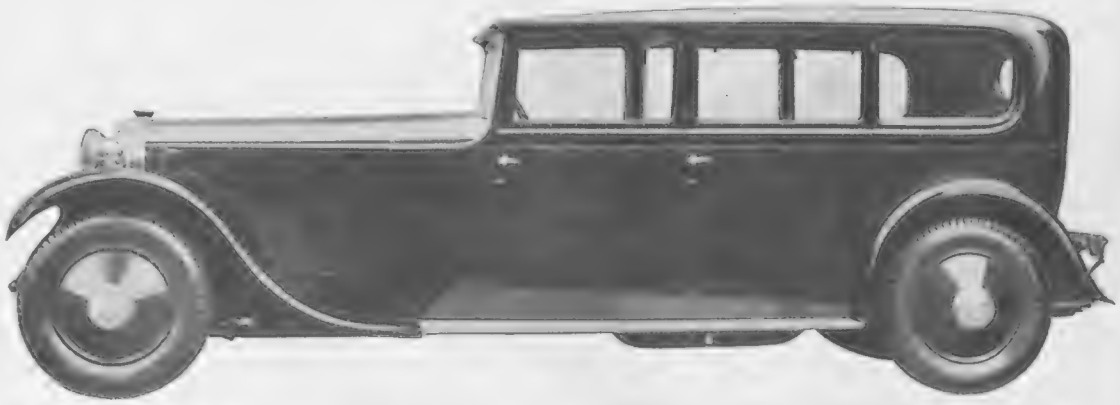
During the present week the Thornycroft people are holding a demonstration week at the Hampton Launch Works, Platts Eyot, Hampton-on-Thames. Both new and recommended second-hand craft will be on view, as well as a number of boats in the course of construction. Several of the new stock boats and the second-hand boats will be available for trial runs, and visitors will also be able to inspect a range of Thornycroft marine engines which can be delivered immediately.

Rolls-Royce at Buenos Aires

Prominent among the exhibitors at the British Empire Trade Exhibition now being held at Buenos Aires are Rolls-Royce, Ltd. A 40-50 h.p. Phantom II car is being shown, and one of their "F" aero-engines of the type now being fitted to various classes of machine in the Royal Air Force. These are installed in two of the latest types of fast aircraft, "Osprey" and "Nimrod," which will be stationed at Buenos Aires in H.M. Aircraft Carrier "Eagle," and demonstration flights will doubtless be made during the course of the exhibition. Lord Wakefield's speedboat, "Miss England II," in which Mr. Kaye Don is to make an attempt on the world's speed record, is equipped with two Rolls-Royce "R" engines of the type fitted in the Schneider Trophy winner, the supermarine "S.6."

Records at Brooklands

New International Class records were established at Brooklands a few days ago, when Mr. G. E. T. Eyston averaged 97.09 m.p.h. for the kilometre and 96.93 m.p.h. for the mile in an M.G. Midget, and thus broke the record of 94 m.p.h. set up by Sir Malcolm Campbell in a baby car at Daytona last month. Mr. Eyston had already driven the car at over 100 m.p.h. at Montlhéry, and broken four world's records in Class H, but this was his first attempt on Sir Malcolm Campbell's actual record. On this occasion, as in his previous speed attempts, Mr. Eyston relied on "Castrol" oil. E. M. W.

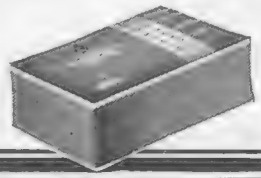


The 30-40 "Double Six" Daimler chassis with new Daimler transmission fitted with a Barker Pullman limousine body. Displayed on the stand of Mr. Werner Risch at the Geneva Motor Exhibition

There is no doubt about the excellence of Teofani Cigarettes. They are for those to whom quality is a first consideration and are submitted to your judgment with confidence.

VIRGINIAN OR TURKISH—
THE PRICE IS 2/- FOR 25

Obtainable from Leading Stores, Tobacconists and Hotels, and from 5, Royal Arcade, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.



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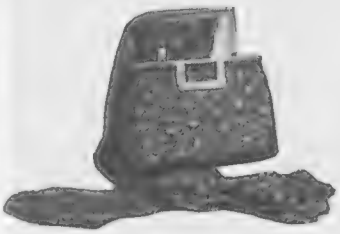
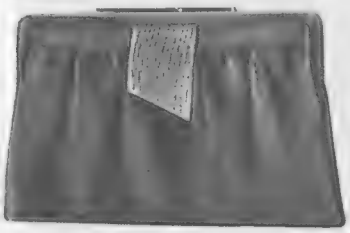


A dainty **CRÊPE DE CHINE BAG AND SCARF,** bag mounted on a smart crystal mount, beautifully lined; in a variety of colours and shapes. **29/9** THE SET.
BRITISH.



Exceptional value. **REAL HIDE BAG,** with tab of real Crocodile or Lizard Skin, beautiful silk lining, double inner pocket, and large mirror; in all colours. **12/9**
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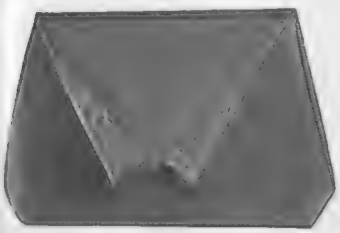
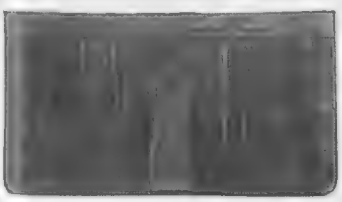


A new **POUCHETTE** in best quality MOROCCO, trimmed with real Crocodile or Calf Skin, lined silk, fitted with large mirror and purse; in all colours. **21/9**
BRITISH.



A smart practical **POUCHETTE,** with thumb loop in real CROCODILE, fitted with purse and mirror. Size: 11″×6″. **21/9**
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Special Attention to Post Orders.

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THE SECRET

The secret of being well dressed is to begin well by choosing the right underwear. The slender hip line which is the fashion to-day demands precision in the design and fit of underwear. Foundation garments must mould themselves to the figure where necessary and be full where necessary so as not to ride up and create an ugly bunched effect. They must be of resilient material to move in sympathy with the body without losing shape.

The best makers of Lingerie use Courtaulds Rayon because it possesses the essential qualities of softness and resilience combined with strength to resist wear and wash. Courtaulds Rayon, which is entirely British, is the finest foundation for foundation garments.

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This COAT is one of our new collection in the latest shade of brown tweed. The scarf in contrasting colour is very fashionable for this season £6 · 10

ALL OUR MODELS ENSURE THE CHIC AND DAINTINESS AIMED AT BY THE MOST EXACTING WOMAN

Send for our SPRING CATALOGUE

DOGS

THE BAD LAD By Lady Kitty Ritson

TO-DAY (Wednesday) many of us will be wending our way to Belle Vue, Manchester, where a big championship show is taking place. Belle Vue is a pleasant spot, as there are gardens all round and one is able to give one's dog a run whenever one feels so inclined. Then next month we have the Kensington Canine Society's show on the 9th at the Crystal Palace, which is always a big affair and very easy to get at. Entries for the latter closed on March 20.

CAN anything be more lovable and, at the same time, more maddening than a dog? (and if you add to the category a bitch, you have the whole proposition doubled). Now, always remember that the cleverer a dog, the more annoying it can be. It is your silly, soft animal that never gives you any trouble, but if it gets itself in a hole (sometimes literally) it squeaks for help and is quite useless in an emergency. So don't lose your temper with your clever, disobedient dog, but plan to outwit him, and, in the end, he will be your best pal.

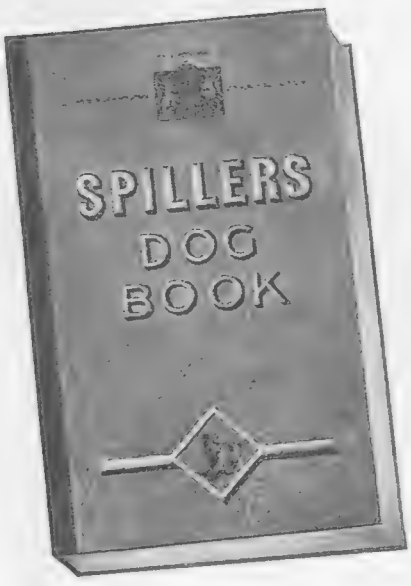
SO often do I see owners whistling their dogs and then, when they don't listen, running after them. This is absolutely fatal, for once you match your legs against your dog's you are done for, and he will always have the upper hand. I would rather leave a disobedient dog to his fate than look a fool and tire myself to death pursuing him. Never run after a dog, but walk in the opposite direction and appear as if you hadn't noticed that he wasn't following. He will most certainly run after you, that is, if you have inspired any affection in him at all. If you have him from puppyhood, it is entirely your own fault if he is disobedient. When you take him out for his first walks, don't go far and don't tire him, but always cause him to be on the look-out to see where you are going to. He wants to keep with you, and his little heart misses a beat if you disappear, so it is quite a good plan to hide for a minute and then, when he rushes up to you panting, "Mother, mother, I thought I had lost you," pick him up and love him and make him feel that there is nowhere so safe or so lovely as to be with his mistress. (N.B. I am not writing this for men. On the whole, they do not have disobedient dogs!)

Topical

Miss Doyne, the daughter of Major D. Doyne, M.F.H., with Capt. Hamilton's team of Irish wolfhounds. They are the winners of six Firsts and six Challenge Cups

I AM writing it for my fellow women who shriek, "Jacky, Jacky, darling," while Jacky runs in the opposite direction, annoying everybody and making "mother" look more of a fool than she is. Once a dog knows that he is expected to come when he is called, and is past the puppy stage, then he needs a good walloping when he disobeys. I know that some people will protest and say, "What a brute she is," but all my dogs obey me, and that is the proof of whether they love me. My Alfred comes back if he has done wrong and takes his beating like a gentleman.

BUT I never beat my Susie, because you must treat each dog according to its nature and she would break her heart and go home and brood. All she gets is a "Pfui! you little devil!" and that is enough. But then, as I said before, Alfred is a champion and, therefore, not very clever, while Susie is a mediocre little lady and as clever as a monkey. If you buy an adult dog and he is disobedient, try putting him on a long thin cord which trails behind. Then, when he runs away, bring him back with a jerk and pay him in like a fish. When you have got him, give him a tit-bit. This may work a cure.



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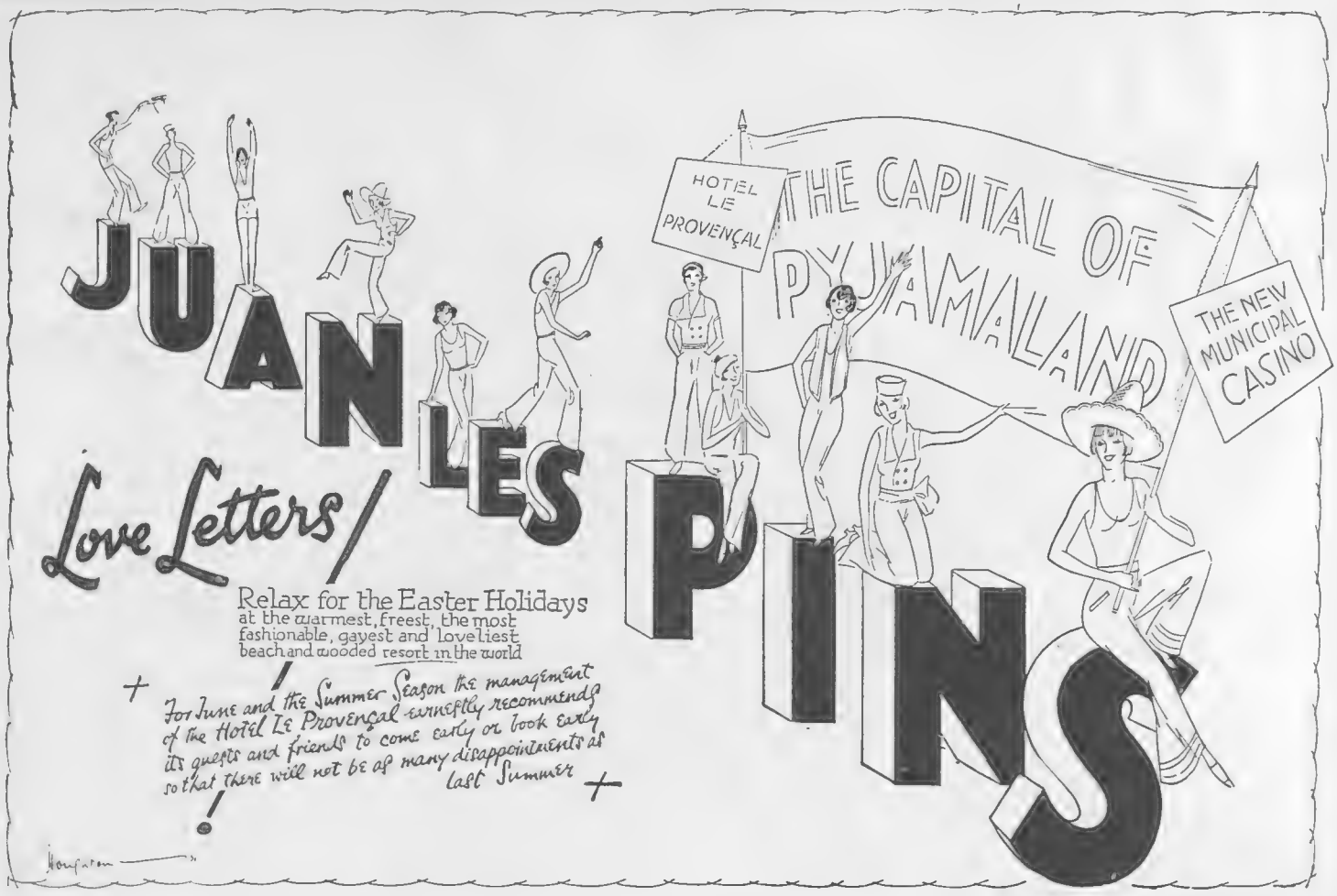
First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.



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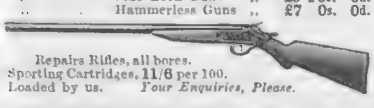

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Loaded by us. *Your Enquiries, Please.*

RATHER INTIMATE

Just as there are certain weaknesses in human nature which are better overcome than discussed . . . so there are particular physical embarrassments in many women's make-up to which the same remark applies.

And Superfluous Hair has compelled innumerable women to adopt measures for its removal, which have proved not only ineffective but injurious, so that advertised remedies are looked upon with suspicion.

Madame Sueur, however, will guarantee the permanent effacement of Superfluous Hair with the definite improvement of the skin, at the same time.

Write in confidence for personal advice and remedy, stating whether for face or body, to :—

MADAME SUEUR (Dept. J), 35, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

'Phone : Reg. 2108.

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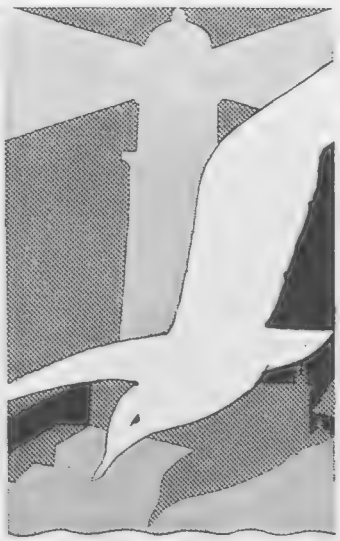
The waves come all the way from Nova Scotia to look at Turnberry. Imagine a great hotel looking nearly as big as Ailsa Craig, that stands on the Ayrshire Coast where the best soil in the world and the best sea breezes have made the turf more firm and more elastic than a golfer's conscience.

Imagine it, the last word in comfort and modernity, full of golfers by day and dancers by night, all lighted up and looking from seaward like one of the new Cunarders that are not built yet. Come to Turnberry, the Guest House by the Atlantic.



Accommodation should be reserved early. Apply to the Resident Manager, Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire, Scotland. The Hotel is under the direction of Arthur Towle, Controller LMS Hotel Services St. Pancras, London, N.W.1

Lawn Tennis Tournament—July 20th to 25th

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Express Services from London and the principal Provincial Towns served by the LMS

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AWAY in the Western Atlantic unspoiled and undisturbed by rush and hurry is the home of the Bluebird where true joy is found. Bermuda, preserving the traditions of the old colonial days, knows the secret of happy life. Everywhere there is comfort in keeping with inborn hospitality. Natural beauties fascinate on sea and land. Golf, tennis, yachting, surf bathing are enjoyed under unique, ideal conditions.

You will get new life and vigour from the trip out and home and a stay in Bermuda and bring home life-long happy memories. Why not come out this year?

BERMUDA

Write for full particulars and dates of special tours to The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Goree, Water Street, Liverpool, or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.
(FLEMISH SALAD.)

TRUITE À LA NORMANDIE.

VEAU SAUTÉ À LA PRIMROSE.
POMMES SAUTÉES. CHOUX FLEUR AU GRATIN.

CHARLOTTE À L'ALEXANDRE.

CROÛTES À LA MONACO.

DESSERT. CAFÉ.

Hors d'Œuvres (Flemish Salad)

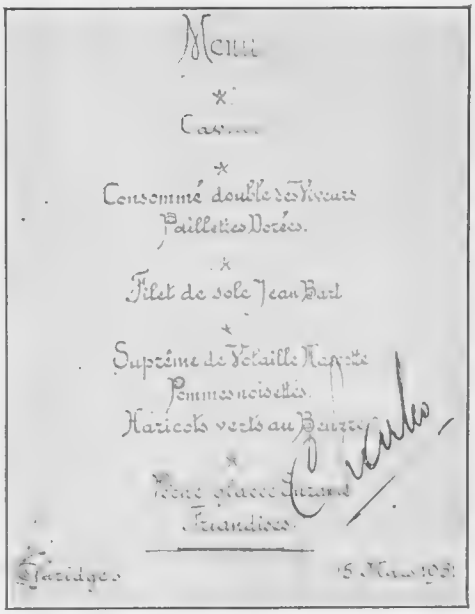
CUT up into slices any dried fish or herrings, place in a shallow dish with tomato, lettuce, cold boiled carrots, and a few spring onions, all cut up very small. Pour a mayonnaise sauce over this.

Truite à la Normandie

BOIL a trout well seasoned; add one sliced onion, one carrot chopped, two sprigs of parsley and one bay-leaf, a few peppercorns, and one tablespoonful of butter. When done, beat the yolks of two eggs with a little cream; add salt and a pinch of cayenne. Remove the fish on to a dish; mix the egg sauce with the water in which the fish was cooked; add half a cup of cream. Let it get very hot and pour over the fish; serve, garnished with parsley.

Veau Sauté à la Primrose

TAKE a pound or so of veal cutlet, and cut up into small cutlets. Put two ounces of butter into a saucepan with two onions, one shallot and two slices of bacon, all cut into dice; add a bouquet garni of herbs and a bayleaf. Fry these well together for about ten minutes; add a tablespoonful of cornflour, a dessertspoonful of Tarragon vinegar, and a pint of gravy. Let this simmer gently for about an hour, remove the herbs, dish up and pour over it the sauce in which it has been cooked. Sprinkle over a spoonful of grated tongue and the same of dried parsley.


Menu
*
Consommé double à Vivaux
Paillettes Dorées.
*
Filet de sole Jean Bart
*
Suprême de Volaille Nagotte
Pommes noisettes
Haricots verts au Beurre
*
Bombe glacée Lucullus
Friandises.
Claridge's 5 Mar 1931

The menu of a Sunday night dinner served at Claridge's Hotel. The King of Spain was among the guests present on this occasion

Charlotte à l'Alexandre

LINE a mould with oiled paper, then with finger biscuits. Fill it with the following mixture: a quarter of a pound of chocolate, half a pint of milk, stir into it the yolks of three eggs and two ounces of castor sugar. Put it on the fire till it thickens, strain into a basin, and when cool add half a pint of whipped cream and a quarter of an ounce of leaf gelatine dissolved in a little milk and stir all together. When turned out pour over it a little apricot sauce, with pistachio nuts shred into it. *Sauce:* Melt four tablespoonfuls of apricot jam with two tablespoonfuls of water. Let it boil and pass through a hair sieve.

Croûtes à la Monaco

FRY some rounds of bread a golden colour. On each place a small fond d'artichaut which has been sautéd in a little glaze. On that place a smaller round of sautéd tomato, and pipe on the tomato a little purée of mushroom and a curled anchovy on top. Sprinkle each croûte with parmesan, and put in the oven for ten minutes. Serve very hot.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Now Winter is Over

Spring comes on apace, and now, more than at any other time, new dresses and coats, millinery and neckwear, lingerie and sportswear are needed. Many have to be economical, hence it is of the utmost importance to get the best possible value for money expended. One way in which this can be done is to make use of the sewing machine. There are many garments and dainty things one can make when possessing the right type of machine. The Silent "Automatic" made by Willcox and Gibbs S.M. Co., Ltd., of 20, Fore Street, London, E.C.2, is unique. It is always ready for use, is silent in operation, and very durable.

A Progressive Firm

In these days of trade depression it is good to hear of any British firm which is doing well and making steady progress, as is the Leeds Fireclay Co., Ltd., whose London headquarters are at Leeds House, 2, Cavendish Place, W.1. This firm specialises in—among other things—sanitary fittings in colour and in white glazed bricks and tiles, and fireplaces. They are responsible for the sanitary fittings in the wonderful new B.B.C. headquarters, the architect of which is Colonel G. Val Myer, and for the fireplaces at the Prince of Wales's Sunningdale house. It is well worth paying a visit to Leeds House to see the wonderful show of garden ornaments in which this firm specialises.

A Good Travelling Companion

Of special interest to travellers by train, steamer, motor coach or aeroplane, in the Pullman Set which Messrs. Kirby, Beard and Co., Ltd., of Birmingham, are manufacturing in a large variety of shapes and materials. The set consists of a rubber-lined "Zipp" fastening bag containing comb, soap, face cloth, towel, toothbrush and nailbrush, all of the very best British make.

An attractive fireplace, which was executed by the Leeds Fireclay Co., Ltd., of Leeds House, Cavendish Place, W.1

Order Your "Bystander"

On April 15 will appear the fourth Annual Flying Number of THE BYSTANDER, thus marking another milestone in the successful progress of the only illustrated weekly paper which has consistently devoted additional space to aviation each year, apart from its well-informed weekly notes. The latter, now a regular feature, are doing much to bring the activities of the sportsman-pilots before that section of the public which is most likely to be able to afford the expense of emulation. The third annual number last year was a great success, and as contributors this year will include Colonel the Master of Sempill, Mr. H. H. Balfour, and the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, who will disclose the trials and tribulations of a modern Innocent Abroad, the fourth number is likely to prove even more informative and entertaining than its predecessors. The excellence of the pictures that will appear is guaranteed by the accepted good taste of THE BYSTANDER. As there is likely to be a big demand, everyone should make sure of their copy by ordering now.—From the issue of "The Aeroplane" of March 18, 1931.

Pearl Freeman

THE LATE MR. A. W. RIDLEY

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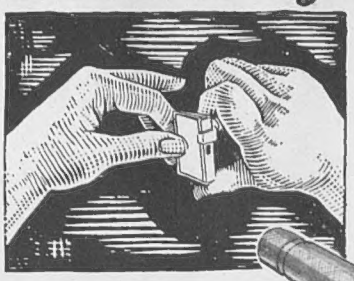

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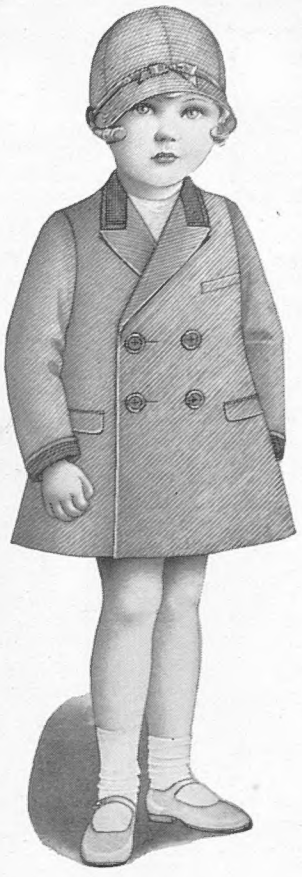

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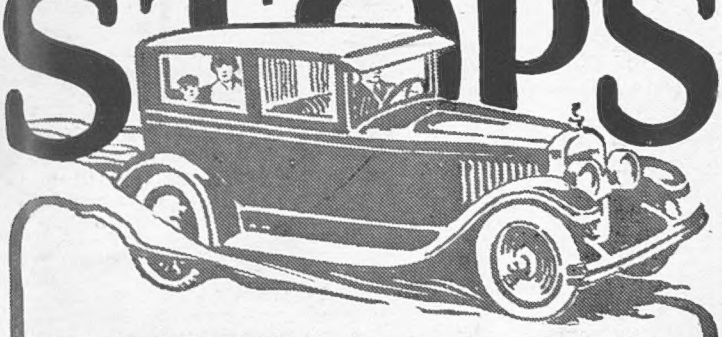

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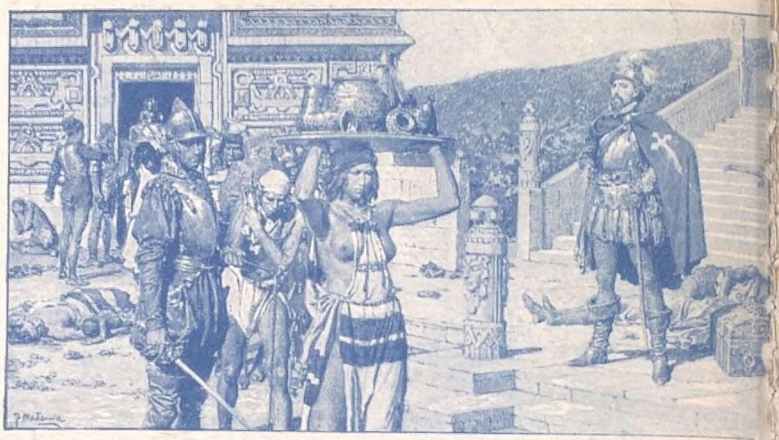


The heathen temples of the Incas were found to be filled with gold. They were forthwith desecrated and the images melted down for bullion. Those Peruvians who allowed their religion to interfere with their better judgment were mercilessly put to the sword. Indian goldsmiths were employed to melt down the treasures, and it was found they amounted to more than four millions of modern money. It was an enormous prize, and it was not surprising that the conquerors anticipated an attempt at its recovery. The Inca, although in captivity, was all powerful with his own people in the face of danger, and the demand for his assassination came from the unruly followers of Pizarro.

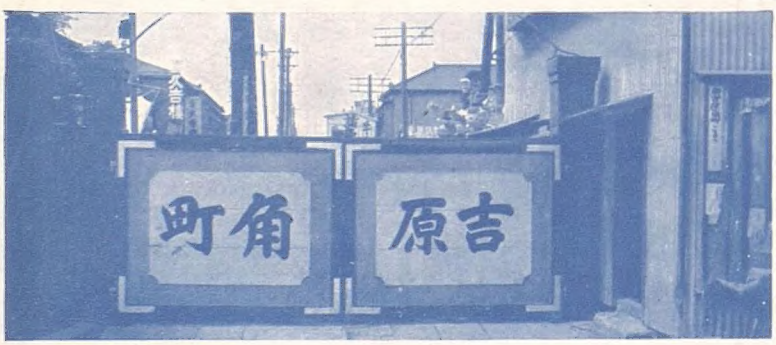
In "THE TRAGIC FATE OF PIZARRO, THE CONQUEROR OF PERU," one of the Tragedies and Comedies of History described by Norman Hill, and painted by F. Matania, R.I.

Lai Choi San was the owner of a dozen swift-sailing junks, each armed to the gills with cannon and carrying fierce-looking crews of half-naked fighting men. When I had proved to this remarkable woman—after a severe cross-examination—that I was neither a sleuth, government agent, nor any other sort of a nuisance, but a foolhardy journalist on a hunt for "unusual" copy, she agreed, though reluctantly, to take me along.
And so we sailed away.
It is not generally known to the outside world that all the country along the South China coast, starting from a point only a few miles west of Macao, stretching all the way to the Leichow peninsula, and probably as far as to the very shores of Indo-China, is *the* kingdom of pirates. The islands adjacent to the Portuguese colony of Macao, and especially the delta of the West river, are infested with various pirate clans.

In "LAI CHOI SAN", a gripping story of the Chinese Pirate Queen, by Aleko E. Lilius.

The moment I saw the man I wanted to know him.
Erect and bareheaded, an unlighted pipe between his teeth, he stood against the rail of the steamer as it picked its way, outward bound, through the maze of shipping at anchor in Singapore Harbour—white ocean liners; freighters with few portholes and many winches; gracefully impudent destroyers; broad, menacing battleships. There were Chinese and Arab junks and wind-jammers, too, some of which were trim and newly painted, others woefully weather-beaten and looking as if they had battled all the raging seas since the beginning of time.

The beginning of "PILGRIMAGE" by Rex Beach



The grim gates of "YOSHIWARA", Japan's Unlaughing City of Romance.

For years novelists have surrounded the lives of the Japanese Yujos with the flowery camouflage of geisha-girl romance. The remarkable photographs in this article, from a special correspondent in the East, throw the cold light of fact on the lot and legal status of the professional inmates of Yoshiwara, the restricted area of Tokyo where strangers are discouraged and cameras are taboo. Western civilization offers no parallel to a regime of private ownership, regulated with profit by the State. Critics of Yoshiwara and its system, which has been in existence for three hundred years, are beset with problems demanding insight into the laws, liberties, and moral code of a foreign people, as well as the courage to look disagreeable facts full in the face.

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"A LARGE DIAMOND" by Lord Dunsany
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